

Patient

by Eyes Behind the Mask

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Summary: In 1978, Michael Myers escaped from Smith's Grove. Certain events led up to that escape, involving a lonely nurse assigned to watch and care for Michael. Kimberley Hurst was looking for a friend and he was looking for a way out. If only she'd known what her own desire would cost.

1. October 23rd, 1978 - Monday: Part I

"You've got to be kidding me..."

Kim's eyes shifted from the chart to the man laying in the bed, looking for all the world as if he hadn't stirred in hours, nor was likely to anytime soon. She sighed, and sat down, continuing to scan the chart, her eyebrow quirking once again as she came to the list of medicines that she was to be administering, and the times. Her eyes widened a little as she reread the dosing charts, sure that she'd either misinterpreted it, or that there was some sort of clerical error made in transcription. As she sat puzzling over the strange orders in the chart before her, the crack of the door opening broke the relative silence of the room, causing her to jump in her seat a bit.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," came the voice of a man, as the door swung open to reveal Dr. Sam Loomis. She relaxed a bit as he entered the room, but the way his eyes fixed in on her sharply, as if sizing her up caught her off guard before he turned away to instead regard his patient for a long moment. Neither spoke for what seemed like forever, the room utterly silent before he finally turned back to her, still looking for all the world as if he was looking her over for any signs of weakness. She smiled blandly in response, before he finally spoke.

"I understand that you're the night shift nurse assigned to watch him and I just wanted to make sure that you fully understand what you're dealing with here."

"That's all right, Dr. Loomis. I just wasn't expecting anyone. I was just looking over his chart actually, and I have a question. Are these dosages correct? I wasn't sure, they seem to be very high, and I wanted to make sure there hadn't been a mistake in transcription. I was actually about to go ask Linda when you came in. " She held the chart open, and pointed to the orders in question, more sure than ever that this had to be some sort of mistake. The employees in charge of typing up the charts were for the most part reliable, but mistakes had been made before, and one of the first things she'd learned was that she should always clarify anything that seemed off, especially regarding medication. With the medicines they were handling, even a couple of milligrams could be the difference between pacifying an aggressive patient, and a possibly deadly overdose.

Taking a quick look at the chart, Loomis shook his head and said, "No. No, these are exactly what I requested them to be." Seeing the stunned look that appeared on Kim's face, he then continued, "I don't mean to frighten you, but without these medicines, there's no telling what he might do. Fifteen years ago, he brutally murdered his older sister. He showed absolutely no regret, no remorse for his actions and I'm certain that he'll kill again if given the chance. I've seen it, in his eyes. If you don't feel like you can handle taking care of him, I'd like for you to say so now, because you must be very careful around him."

Kim blinked, still stunned that Loomis had confirmed what she still couldn't help but consider a massive overdose of Thorazine. She didn't argue however, even though the idea of giving anyone that amount of such a powerful drug shook her. If he were to react adversely, surely she would be in the clear given that the patient's own doctor had confirmed it, but it still ate at her. Especially since she'd already been in the room close to an hour, and he hadn't so much as moved an inch. Of course, now she knew why that was so. She found it amazing the man was even still breathing, honestly.

"I don't have a problem with it, Dr. Loomis. I can handle this, and I will be careful. I have to say though, if anything, it seems like I'm in for a rather quiet night. He hasn't moved at all since I came on shift. Is he always like this? Now, I mean."

Loomis looked back at him, laying there. In a way, he could understand how someone might think him being motionless meant he wasn't a threat.

"Yes, he never speaks and he never moves. The Thorazine helps with that, but he was like that before. I believe he's simply waiting though and without the control of medicine, who knows when he might decide to pick up where he left off. It will be quiet, as long as you make sure to give him his medicine. But that doesn't mean you can let down your guard. He's still extremely dangerous."

He looked back at his patient before continuing to speak.

"I'm sure you've heard the other doctors and nurses around here laugh about my methods when it comes to him," Loomis couldn't help but a chuckle a little himself as he said that, though for entirely different reasons. "I hope you don't let that get in the way of following my instructions. I know I come off as a bit of a madman

myself when it comes to...this, but I'm very serious. You must be careful."

"I understand. I do have one more question though, Dr. Loomis. He's been here for ages according to the other nurses, and you said he's always been like this. Forgive me for wondering, Dr. Loomis, but why does he suddenly need someone in here around the clock now, after all this time?"

Loomis considered her question carefully for a moment before answering.

"Because now it's crucial that he's under watch in case he tries anything. His court date is in less than a week. I've fought all of this time to keep him this secure after my proposal to send him to Litchfield was rejected several times. I'm not risking letting him get away now."

"All right. I'm sorry, I was just curious. I'll be here a year next February, and I've somehow never dealt with him before now. It's just... strange to see. I'm sorry, I'm rambling. We'll be fine, Dr. Loomis. I promise you, I'll take good care of him."

Looking back at her finally, he replied with, "I really hope you mean that. I don't mean to undermine your confidence. I just had to be sure that you understood what you were dealing with. If you have any questions, you can ask Dr. Wynn. He knows how to contact me if needed."

At that, Dr. Loomis turned to leave, turning back to give his patient one last look before leaving Kim all alone with him again.

Kim set the chart down, and shifted back in her chair. She still couldn't help but be dumbfounded by Loomis's words. He'd freely admitted that the patient didn't do much more than what she'd already seen, but still insisted that those huge doses of Thorazine were absolutely necessary. It rankled her, it truly did. Sure, she was no doctor, but she understood enough about the medications they handed out to know that what she was supposed to give him would more than likely render anyone into a state of almost permanent unconsciousness, and perhaps death even. She continued to skim his file, since he obviously didn't need her at the moment, her eyes flicking across words like 'catatonic' and 'elective mutism' and 'flat affect'.

"Well no shit, Sherlock." she muttered, looking up from the chart to the clock. almost eight more hours of this horrible silence. Had she known she was going to be spending the night doing the equivalent of watching paint dry, she'd have brought along a crossword puzzle or her knitting. It was going to take every ounce of will power she had to not fall asleep in here. For whatever reason, the room seemed very well insulated, she could barely hear anything else on the usually busy ward, only the distant whir of machinery and muffled snatches of conversation from the nurse's station down the hall.

Of course, she rarely sat in a room all night anyway. She'd flitted from room to room on the wards, and being the night shift there had been plenty of time to go and sit at the nurse's station and gossip with her coworkers. Surely she wasn't expected to stay in here all night. After all, what was he going to do, especially doped to the

gills. She couldn't help but think the whole thing was overkill. The medicine orders, the requirement for round-the-clock supervision, all of it.

There was a television set mounted up into the wall, but the Star Spangled Banner would be playing soon, announcing the station's sign-off for the night. If anything she might catch the morning news when the stations came back on the air right before she went off her shift, but that was hours from now anyway. She'd definitely prepare ahead tomorrow night, the time seemed to drag by as slow as syrup. She could already feel her left leg beginning to fall asleep as well, so she rose from the chair to stretch her legs, wondering if she dared make a quick trip out of the room for another cup of coffee. Deciding to try to tough it out a little while longer, she instead began to slowly pace the small room in an effort to get her blood flowing.

In doing so, she came very close to the foot of her patient's bed, and on her fourth or fifth pass she banged her hip against the footboard, jostling him slightly. She cursed under her breath, hand migrating to her left hip to rub through the white polyblend fabric when she noticed it.

He'd opened his eyes.

She stood there, hand still at her hip, as she regarded him. While they were definitely open they seemed to focus on nothing. Kim drew a little closer, approaching up and around the left side of the hospital bed. The railing was in the upright position, and for a moment she almost felt like she was looking at some strange, rare, perhaps dangerous animal through bars in a cage. From her new vantage point, she could clearly see how dark, blank, and unfocussed his gaze was, and she shuddered slightly. He looked for all the world as if he were looking right through the blank white wall across from him, seeing something far beyond the walls of Smith's Grove.

She watched him a moment longer, and when he showed no signs of closing his eyes again aside from the occasional slow blink, she managed to speak.

"Are you okay? Is there anything you need that that I can get for you?" She asked, watching him for any sign of acknowledgement. Kim already knew not to expect him to say anything to her, she'd read enough of the file and her briefing with Loomis had prepared her for that, but in her experience even non-verbal patients had their ways of making their wishes known. Hopefully his way wouldn't be to flail at her, or grab at her, and mindful of that she put a few more inches between them. Kim had been around Smith's Grove long enough to know that sometimes the ones you'd least expect something like that from were the worst offenders, and while she thought his orders for Thorazine were ludicrous and perhaps even reaching levels of malpractice Loomis's warning was still fresh in her mind.

However, he didn't grab for her, or flail at her. He didn't even look at her, continuing to stare in that strange way across the room as if he hadn't heard a word she'd said, or even if he realized she was standing only about a foot away from him.

"I'm sorry I knocked into your bed. I only wanted to get up and stretch my legs. It's a little cramped in here. Again, I'm sorry, and

I didn't mean to disturb you." She ventured, his lack of reaction causing her to close back in on the space she'd put between them moments before. Again, nothing from him other than an almost lazy blink before he continued to look straight past her. She could hear him breathing slowly, steadily, sounding for all the world like the inspirations of a sleeping child.

"I'll leave you alone now. I'm going to go sit back down over there, and if you do need something, I'd be more than glad to get it for you, okay?" Kim continued to watch for the slightest sign, a twitch, a glance, anything to indicate he'd heard her. When it was obvious there was none forthcoming, she retired to her chair, and continued to watch, as he continued to stare in that unfocussed way at the wall.

After what seemed like forever, but a brief glance at the clock confirmed as fifteen minutes, she decided to go ahead and get that second cup of coffee from the nurse's station. They couldn't possibly expect her to sit in here all night with the world's most uninteresting patient for company without a couple of breathers. She glanced back at him as she stood to exit the room, almost hoping to catch him looking, but he seemed to be set on whatever it was he was thinking about.

Kim padded down the hall in her soft white shoes, to the coffee pot situated behind the desk. Linda glanced up as she approached, a slight smile curving her lips.

"Bored to death yet, Hurst?" She asked, as Kim refilled her styrofoam cup, glancing around for any sign of their boss, Charge Nurse Keats. When it was obvious the coast was clear she turned back to Linda and smiled wryly.

"Only about an hour ago. Seriously, you could have warned me or something, told me to bring a book, anything. I'm afraid I'm going to doze off in there. I don't know how I'm going to manage another seven-odd hours."

"Ha. Well, you'll know tomorrow. You're scheduled to be in there all this week, as far as I know. Look at it this way though. Easiest paycheck you'll likely ever earn, here. He doesn't do anything. Count yourself lucky. It could always be worse. She could have decided to assign you that lady in Hall 4, the one that likes to wait until you're busy, and then shit the bed and finger-paint with it."

"Oh, nice. Okay, you're right, it could be worse. But I'm seriously about to fall asleep in there." Kim added an extra sugar to her coffee, hoping the extra sweetness would give her more of a boost. "And another couple of hours before I get to take a real break, too. I don't know how I'm going to do it."

"Is he awake? He usually sleeps most of the time, really. I think I've seen him up a few times since i've been here, but even then all he does is sit there and try to stare holes in the wall. Kind of creepy after a while, but he's never been any trouble whatsoever. Like I said, it could always be worse. Be glad you didn't get a biter or a bedpan-thrower."

"Yeah, he's awake. I think. His eyes are open, anyway. Linda, have you ever had to give him his medication?"

"Uh huh. Gets a shit-ton of Thorazine, if I recall. I asked about it once, and it's apparently legit. At first I thought it was a typo or something, I was surprised Dr. Loomis ordered that much. Speaking of Loomis, I saw him go in there a while ago. How was that?"

"Okay, I guess. He kept warning me about how dangerous he was, and that I shouldn't underestimate him. Although he even said that he is basically just like I saw all the time, even before he prescribed the Thorazine. It doesn't make sense to me at all, really. I read part of the chart, and I don't understand why he'd want to dope him up so much when he's already pretty much catatonic."

"Sounds like Dr Loomis, all right. I got the Myers speech a couple of years ago when I was in there checking up on him. And you know what? Never seen him do as much as brush a fly off his nose. Guy's in his own little world. You almost have to feel bad for him, really. He hasn't seen outside of this place in years, although sounds like that might change soon. I heard about the latest court date from Keats when I got here. Sounds like they might finally transfer him out of here, after all."

"Transfer him where, though?" Kim asked, stirring the coffee almost absentmindedly as Linda shared what she knew of her new charge.

"Well, I know that as long as I've been here, Loomis has had this idea that he should go to Litchfield, which is ridiculous. He's fine right here. I have a cousin that works down there, and trust me Myers is a complete pussycat compared to some of what they have in there. I could off hand think of at least a dozen more suitable candidates for Litchfield on this ward alone. This time though, I think Loomis is pushing to send Mikey to the State pen."

"What? Are you serious?" Kim said in disbelief. Linda nodded, and dropped her voice slightly.

"He just turned twenty-one last week. I think Loomis thinks since he can't seem to get him transferred to Litchfield after trying for so long, he might have a shot at sending him up the river now that he's an adult. You know, for the murder and all. They couldn't try him as an adult at the time, but now that he's twenty-one they can go ahead and put him away if the hearing goes as Loomis seems to think it will. That's what I heard, anyway."

Kim stared down into her coffee, processing this little tidbit of information. Now more than ever she felt that this entire thing was nothing more than the biggest case of overkill she'd ever been involved with.

"Put him away? Don't they think being here is put away enough? It's not like he's out prowling the streets, Linda. He's laid up in a hospital bed, and doesn't look like he plans on changing that anytime soon."

"You'd think so, but not to Loomis. Anyway, take that coffee and get back in there. Keats is due back up here any minute, and you know how she is about standing around and talking. And take the paper, I'm done with it anyway. It'll give you something to kill time until you go on break." Linda said, handing her the evening edition of The

Herald and making a shooing motion with her other hand. Kim took it and hurried back down the hall, keen on reaching the room before Keats caught her out milling about. While Keats really wasn't all that bad, she did frown on congregating at the nurses station, especially while not on break.

Kim let herself back in, and immediately looked over to the bed to see if her patient was still awake. His eyes were closed, and he didn't seem to have moved at all. She sat her cup of coffee down on the small side table, and opened the newspaper, and began to read, although the short conversation she'd had with Linda kept pushing to the forefront of her mind.

She found herself peeking over the paper every so often to see if he'd stirred, but in what was quickly beginning to become predictable, he had not. And again, no surprise. She was sure that if she were pumped as full as he was of something as sedating as Thorazine she wouldn't likely do more than lay around only to stare at the occasional wall.

She thought back to what Linda had said, and she was right. You did sort of have to feel bad for him in a way. While Kim was a Warren county born and bred girl, and had never so much as set foot in Haddonfield, over her time working here she'd caught snatches of the murder that landed Myers in Smith's Grove. She was no expert or anything, and in reality struggled to recall the finer points, but it did seem a bit excessive to try him as an adult for something he'd done almost fifteen years previously. Sure, she didn't think he should be out roaming the streets a free man... if he in fact, was capable of roaming said streets. He was obviously disturbed, and had no place out there in the world that people like herself often took for granted. But the idea of taking him out of Smith's Grove and shipping him up to the State penitentiary seemed unnecessary, and in fact almost cruel.

Kim had always been told she had a big heart. It had been one of the things in fact that had set her on the career path she'd chosen. Ever since she'd been little, she'd known what she wanted to do with her life. She wanted to help people. That had been her driving goal in life, the one that had pushed her through nursing school through countless late nights of study and arduous days of practicals. She'd finally made it through, and while Smith's Grove had not been her first choice, it did help that her aunt had worked here since the late sixties and had vouched for her. She'd really wanted to work in Labor and Delivery somewhere, but she supposed that would come later down the line for her when she had more experience under her belt.

At any rate, she'd wanted to help people. Somehow, she didn't feel like her time in this room was doing anything to help the man in bed a few feet away. In fact, she felt like a co-conspirator, an agent for harm rather than healing. Loomis's warnings by now had gone out the window, as far as she was concerned. For whatever reason, he seemed to have it in for his patient, for reasons she couldn't fathom. She did know however, that she was going to do something she'd never even considered before, and her resoluteness shocked her.

It was approaching midnight, and she had made up her mind. She would take lunch at one, and when she returned she was supposed to go ahead

and give him the first outrageously heavy dose of Thorazine, according to his chart.

And she wasn't going to. Not the whole dose, anyway. Kim knew enough to know one couldn't just stop giving a patient their medication. But she wasn't going to give him the huge dosage Loomis had prescribed. She'd been around long enough to have caught on to some of the sneakier habits of her fellow nurses. Not that she'd name names, but she knew for a fact some of the nurses here snitched some of the 'better' medications for themselves, especially painkillers. It was easy enough to chart that a pill or injection had been given and then either pocket the pills or take a quick spike of whatever analgesic floated one's boat. Not that Kim would ever dream of doing anything like that, but she knew it happened.

It would be just as easy to squirt out some of that Thorazine, and only give him half. That way, there wouldn't be an issue with sudden withdrawal, and her own conscience would be soothed tremendously. Honestly, even before she'd heard about the reality of his upcoming court date, she hadn't felt right giving him so much of that powerful drug. Half was still quite a bit, but she'd seen doses in that range in her time at Smith's Grove. It was far more reasonable, and easier on her conscience at the same time.

She peeked over the paper, and to her surprise she saw he'd opened his eyes again, as if he somehow knew that she'd been thinking about him. He still wasn't looking at her, or acknowledging her in anyway, but he definitely seemed what passed for awake for him. She set the paper down, and walked back over to his bedside, and looked him right in the eye.

To her shock, for a split second those dark eyes flicked over to her own, and focused in, and she could swear she saw some sort of glimmer of intelligence there. Before she could speak a word of encouragement however, he'd shifted his attention back to the wall leaving her to think she'd imagined the whole thing.

2. October 23rd, 1978 - Monday: Part II

Kim called his name, hoping to get some sort of additional response, to no avail.

She stood there a little while longer, before gingerly reaching out to brush a finger against the side of his left arm. Kim held her breath, almost feeling like she was doing something wrong, even though there was no rule anywhere on the books saying she couldn't touch him. She figured she'd have to touch him at some point anyway, no sense in being shy about it. When her light touch did nothing, she gave him a bit of a firmer nudge, calling his name again. She swore she could feel his arm twitch slightly, a very weak twitch, but definite movement nonetheless. It was at that point she noticed something else about the man in the bed.

The muscle tone in his arm wasn't nearly as wasted as it should have been for someone who spent their days in bed not doing anything. In fact, it was surprisingly firm to the touch, very firm in fact. She leaned in for a closer look, and while he certainly didn't look like he'd been out hitting the gym or anything, she was very surprised by the seeming lack of atrophy. Kim decided to check his chart again,

maybe someone from physical therapy came in and worked him over a couple of times a week. That had to be it. There was no other possible way someone could be immobile for that long and have any sort of tone to their muscles.

She shifted her attention away from his arm and back to his face and she caught him looking at her again, if only briefly. She could swear those eyes were focused on hers, and not in that glazed way she'd seen him stare at the wall. Actually looking, and actually seeing her. Intrigued, she began to talk to him again, more out of curiosity than anything.

"I guess I should have introduced myself when I came in. That was rude of me, I'm sorry. I'm Kimberly Hurst, but I go by Kim. I'm going to be your nurse for the next few nights. I'm here to take care of you, so if you need anything, please let me know. I know you don't talk and that's fine, but if you have some other way of getting my attention, I'd be glad to know it. That would make it much easier for me, and for you. It would take a lot of guess-work out of things, for sure. Well do you?" She waited patiently for a few minutes, and it was only when her attention began to waver and she turned to glance at the clock that she saw those eyes dart back over to her, and she turned back to face him. He immediately looked away, and she couldn't help but grin.

'Busted. But you know, it's okay to look at me. I don't mind." She said sweetly, hoping to coax him into looking again. He didn't however, and she wasn't sure if it was because she'd brought attention to the act, or if he had coincidentally responded to something else entirely and she'd only interpreted it as him sneaking a peek at her.

The clock had confirmed that it was time for her to go on break, however, and she gave him a friendly pat on the arm before straightening back up.

"I'm going to go eat now, but I'll be back shortly. Are you sure I can't get you anything? Anything at all?" There was predictably no response but as Kim grabbed her cup and headed for the door she could almost swear he'd huffed slightly, but she was sure it was her imagination.

"So how are you holding up in there, Hurst? That paper help any?" Linda sat at the short table in the back of the break-room, picking at the remains of her cup of cottage cheese while Kim fetched her tuna sandwich from the employee refrigerator. Kim sat down beside her, and started to unwrap the sandwich from it's wax paper.

"Yeah, thanks. I guess it's not so bad in there. As you said, it could definitely be worse. I do have a weird question though, if I can ask."

"Go for it." Linda answered, taking the first bite of her apple and reaching for the pink can of Tab in front of her.

"This is going to sound crazy, no pun intended, but does he ever look at you? Like directly at you?" Linda snickered in mid-sip, shaking her head.

"You're a comedian, Hurst. I guess if you count getting between him

and whatever he's currently staring at, sure. But I've never caught him blinking Morse code at me or anything, if that's what you are asking."

"No, I mean like just looking at you. I swear he looked away from the wall and looked right at me, even if it was just for a second and when he thought I wasn't looking."

"Well, no, can't say that ever happened. Not that I ever made a habit of watching him that closely. Why bother? He's not going to up and start doing show-tunes the second you look away. What you see is what you get with him. I told you, I've never seen him do anything in all the years I've worked here but sleep and occasionally try to stare the paint off the walls. If you could make a living off of that, the guy would have it made."

"I still swear it really seemed like he did look," Kim said, taking a bite of her sandwich. Linda shrugged.

"I didn't say that he didn't. I just said he's never done it before that I've noticed. He's probably the best example I've ever seen of 'the lights are on, but I don't think anybody is home'. But enough about good ol' Mikey. How are things between you and Drew?"

"Same as they were yesterday, Linda," She replied, staring down at her sandwich. Linda took another sip of Tab before reaching into her purse for her cigarettes, tapping one out of the pack and lighting up. She groped for the ashtray across the table, stretching slightly to reach it and pull it closer.

"He's just being pig-headed is all. Just like most men. Just because he likes to pretend he's so in touch with his feelings and he writes godawful poetry doesn't make him any different from any other guy out there. You'd be fooling yourself to think that it did. Hell, I say he's doing you a favor, personally. You could do better than Drew." Kim shook her head, busying herself with taking another bite, obviously unhappy with the way the conversation had turned. She liked Linda well enough, and she was one of the few coworkers she associated with outside of work, but she had a way of prying into personal things Kim would rather stay buried, at least while on the clock. Linda seemed to have a way of already knowing about something before anyone else, and somehow she was right far more often than Kim would like to admit. Linda had never liked Drew, and had never been very shy about saying so outright.

All that aside, Kim just didn't feel like talking about it anyway. Not right now, anyway. Now didn't really seem like the time to commiserate about her troubles with Drew, not here in the break-room when she only had another fifteen minutes before having to head back into the room.

"You know, I won't say anything else, not here at least but I've gotta say this. I think the problem with Drew besides the fact that he's a smug self-important asshole is that he's just not ready to settle down yet. I think the whole 'maybe we should start looking for a place together when our leases are up' speech was a little bit premature on your part. You have to be stealthy about that kind of thing, anyway. Start by leaving some of your stuff at their place gradually, know what I mean? You can't spring that sort of thing on a guy right away, at least not a guy like Drew. Especially not with a

guy like him. Which again begs the question, why do you even bother with him?"

"I know, Linda. I know. You don't like him. And I know I shouldn't have mentioned moving in together. But seriously, for him to back away all together like he's done? He hasn't called or come by in almost three days. It's almost like he fell off the face of the earth. I just don't know what to think." She managed, before taking one more bite and then wadding up the remainder in the wax paper and pushing it away.

"Hey, I know. If you're that set on wanting to keep him around, why don't you tell him you've met the most fascinating guy at work? Tall, dark, and silent. See what he says about that one," Linda chortled, earning a glare from Kim. "Sorry, I couldn't resist. But you know, sometimes making them a little jealous isn't all bad. You'd be surprised. Men are like little kids, they show no interest in a toy unless some other kid picks it up first. And suddenly that's the one they want to play with."

"Ha ha, Linda. Right, I'll go right home and call him up and tell him I think one of the patients here has the hots for me. I'm sure that will go over really well. I'll be sure to send you a wedding invitation, and name you as the godmother when we have our first child. Seriously, where do you come up with this stuff?" Linda shrugged, blowing a smoke ring up into the air above Kim's head.

"I just call it as I see it, Hurst. Laugh all you want. Men are just like children, and the sooner you figure that out, the better off you'll be. I still say he's seriously doing you a huge favor though. Just let him go. Good riddance. Why don't you call up Donny in billing? He'd show you a good time, I'm sure, and you wouldn't even have to pretend to be fascinated with his newest couplet or whatever to keep his attention."

"Look, I've got to get back in there and get back to work. You should try it some time. I don't know how you get away with half the things you do up here."

"When you've been here going on five years, you let me know. You figure out how things work by then."

"Okay. Well, I guess I'll see you later then." Kim tossed the crumpled wrapper into the trash, and went to wash her hands. Linda made no move to rise from the table, still busy blowing smoke rings and studying her nails.

"I'm telling you, just call Donny up and forget about that jerk." she called after her, finally stubbing out her cigarette and gathering up her own trash. Kim nodded just to placate her, and headed out of the break-room and back to Michael's room. What had seemed an easy enough decision to make earlier was starting to weigh on her now that the time was approaching. She was definitely sure she could get away with it, but it would be the first time she'd ever even considered going against something in a patient's chart. It was without a doubt the first time she'd dared defy a doctor's order, ever. Kim had always prided herself on doing a good job and following procedure, and this was anything but that.

It was truly an unenviable position in her mind. She knew what she

intended to do was the right thing, and she truly did think that the dose was too high but at the same time there was that sense of uneasiness about deliberately going against what she'd been told. If she'd said nothing about the chart, she could have at least pretended that she thought it was a typo and had just given what she thought was standard, but her conversation with Loomis had taken that option off the table now. She struggled with what had come so easily to her as she entered the room, and stopped dead in her tracks.

He had shifted slightly but definitely noticeably in the bed, and was looking right at her again. She blinked and stood there silently, looking back and afraid to say anything lest it cause him to look away again. Kim's heart began to pound, now unable to deny that he was definitely looking right at her. She could see those dark eyes flicking around her person slowly but intently, in a manner that almost struck her as curiosity. Definitely aware, no denying that.

She reached for the door, and quietly shut it behind her without turning away. Michael continued to stare, apparently not caring about being caught now, if he had been to begin with. He was almost impossible to read, and while Kim thought she could catch nuances of things here and there it was really impossible to know what he was thinking, or if he even was at all. Still not coming any closer or speaking, she continued to regard him, noticing that there was definitely a difference in the way he looked at her now and the way he'd stared at the wall. After what seemed like forever, she spoke.

"I told you I'd come back," she said cautiously, not wanting to startle him. However this time he didn't dart his eyes away, and if anything he continued to stare even more intently. Kim gave him an encouraging smile, and continued. "You're looking again I see. It's okay, I don't mind. You can look all you want to." No sooner had she spoken that those dark eyes seemed to tighten in on her in an almost uncomfortable stare, but she decided to shake it off. She'd wanted a reaction, asked for one, and gotten it. She couldn't fault him for that, especially after she'd told him it was all right. Besides, she was pretty sure he'd never been told that it was unnerving to stare at people that way. He couldn't have picked up many social niceties, especially in this place.

She walked over to consult the chart again, as she read the dosing schedule it began to finally start to click. He'd last been given a shot of Thorazine according to this right before she'd come on shift, and it looked like after this one he was due for another one shortly before she would go off. That meant some time had elapsed, and it was beginning to wear off which would definitely account for this display of alertness. Of course she found the idea laughable that he could be anything near alert at the dosages listed in the chart, but it only served to dispel any trepidation she'd felt while heading back to the room. Half of the dose would be more than enough, she reasoned, and would give him what she figured was a much needed break. After all, if he was going to be transferring out of here soon didn't she sort of owe it to him to try to make the last days here a little more comfortable?

Mind made up, she shut the chart and walked over to the cupboard, opening it to reveal the tray containing the small glass vial of Thorazine and couple of syringes. She could still feel those eyes

riveted on her as she loaded the syringe with the charted dose carefully and replaced the vial back onto the tray. She reached for an alcohol swab and a piece of gauze before shutting the cupboard and turning back to him.

"I hate to do it, but doctor's orders, you know?" For a brief second she could swear as if he did know, those eyes registering something she couldn't quite place. Kim approached slowly, trying to gauge him all the while weathering that gaze. "Sorry Michael, but I'm gonna have to stick you. I'll be quick about it though, promise."

She slowly reached for the snaps on his left sleeve, and popped them open to reveal his very pale shoulder, swabbing his deltoid down with the alcohol pad, before tossing it into the trash can beside the bed. He continued to stare, and she held her breath for a moment as she gave the door a quick glance to be sure she wasn't about to be caught in the act. When she was certain no one was going to walk in she carefully squirted half the dose into the trash can before holding the syringe back up and verifying the amount left inside. Reaching to pull his skin taut with her free hand, she took a deep breath and quickly stuck him and depressed the plunger. She then withdrew the syringe, and pressed the gauze down, holding it tightly before taping it into place. Discarding the needle into the sharps box, she returned to fasten the sleeve snaps back up, and adjusted the sheet back over him.

"See? All done now." She wondered if he understood at all what she'd just done, and while she dared not speak it aloud, she pointed at the trashcan, and raised a finger to her lips unable to resist smirking just a little as she did. Who was she kidding, he wasn't going to tell on her. She'd thought it over further in the past few minutes, and if he seemed too noticeably different after the halved dose she'd simply squirt a little less out for the next one before she went off shift and she doubted anyone would be the wiser.

"Our secret, okay?" she said, before going back over to chart she'd given him the correct dose. Then she settled back into the chair, and observed for a moment, to see how he was taking it. He did seem to be slowly acquiring that glazed look again, however nowhere near as pronounced as it had been when she'd come on. Of course a half dose was still going to effect him, she knew that. If anything though she hoped her act of mercy would make a difference for him.

She watched him a while longer, and when she was pretty sure that he seemed to be slowly nodding off she picked the newspaper back up and picked up where she'd left off. That distraction didn't last terribly long however before her mind shifted back to the conversation she'd had with Linda about Drew. Grudgingly, she had to admit Linda had been right about Drew being flaky, and rather self-absorbed. She was also right in that he was slightly pretentious and had developed an over-inflated opinion of himself ever since he'd managed to publish a couple of poems in a poetry anthology earlier this year. Even Kim couldn't disagree with those facts, but she did still like him despite all of that. For god's sake they'd been seeing each other close to a year now.

Kim hadn't thought the comment that sparked the current tensions between them was a big deal at the time. She'd simply observed that their leases would be expiring in a couple of months, and maybe they should look into what was available that they both might like. Drew

had not been amenable to that suggestion at all though. He'd accused her of wanting to put their relationship on the fast track to matrimony, and said that he wasn't anywhere near ready for something like that.

She'd insisted he was taking it the wrong way and that was not what she'd meant at all, and as increasingly heated words were exchanged it had culminated in Drew telling her brusquely that he needed to think about things, and he wasn't sure where she thought they were headed. He'd then marched out of her apartment, and had not called or anything since. Kim had the sinking feeling that he was busy trying to think of a way to extricate himself from what he'd interpreted to be the snap of a ball and chain closing in around his ankle.

The practical part of her was inclined to agree with Linda's observation that if this was the way he wanted to be about it, then good riddance. However the sentimental part of her enjoyed the things he did like write her little notes he'd scatter around the apartment for her to find after an overnight visit, the way he'd spirit her off for impromptu picnics in the park, and the time he'd surprised her one evening by filling her car's passenger seat with flowers for her to discover when she left for work. That part of her insisted that he was really a good guy and that she shouldn't give up on him so easily. She'd give him another day or so, before calling and trying to see where they stood. What else could she do, really?

Linda's suggestions were all ridiculous, in her opinion. Whatever great secret Linda thought she was privy to regarding the male gender was all washed up. The day she resorted to trying to make her significant other jealous by mentioning a patient would be the day she'd go about acquiring a dozen cats and resign herself to a life of spinster-hood.

However she couldn't help but snicker softly, playing Linda's suggestion out in her head as she looked over at the now lightly dozing man in the bed across from her. How would she even describe him? Average? It was the only word that came to mind honestly after all the multi-syllable medical terminology was shoved to the side. Not that he was ugly or anything, or even remotely physically unattractive. He was just average looking. Those dark eyes were the only memorable feature he had honestly, and she thought it was more about the way he seemed to be able to focus them so intensely when he wanted to for whatever reason than the color itself that made them at all noteworthy. He had the sort of looks that blended right in with the crowd, like any number of guys that she'd pass everyday in the shops and in the streets without even a second look their way. Tall, dark and silent? Sure, Linda. How would she phrase it, anyway?

'So Drew, I met this guy at work last night. Average looking. Lays in bed doing nothing but staring at the wall, and sometimes me. Just turned twenty-one and probably would have no idea what to do with a woman if she stripped down, greased up and begged for it. Prescribed enough anti-psychotic drugs to down an elephant, and best of all he's about to be tried for killing his older sister over a decade ago. So, what do you say, wanna take me out to see Midnight Express this Friday?"

Kim couldn't help but laugh aloud at this mental conversation, and in return Michael's eyes flicked open, focused her way again. She stopped laughing immediately, now feeling somewhat embarrassed and

bad for disturbing him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you up. I'll be quieter. Sorry. Just go back to sleep, okay?" He didn't however, and she found herself subjected to that gaze once again, if a bit less piercing thanks to the still quite formidable amount of drugs in his system. Kim sighed, before looking back at the clock and groaning softly when she realized she still had over three hours to go before shift change. Unable to think of anything else to fill the time, and since her patient didn't seem terribly keen on going back to sleep any time soon she decided to take advantage of having someone to listen that wouldn't, and likely couldn't judge her.

"It's just guy trouble. You probably wouldn't understand, so I won't bother you too much with all the gory details. Guys just seem to be great at playing head games with a girl, making it out like they are super-sensitive and attentive and then leaving her twisting in the wind on a moment's notice. But I bet you wouldn't do something like that, would you? Nah, you wouldn't. You don't seem like the type... well, I don't think you would, anyway."

Michael continued to regard her in that fuzzy way, almost as if he were silently agreeing with her, or so she liked to think. Although he was hard to get a read on for obvious reasons, that same quality made it surprisingly easy to assign whatever meaning she liked to his reactions.

"Maybe Linda's right. I'll call him after work, and just level with him. I'm tired of his flakiness, to be honest. Sure, we've had some good times, and he can be sweet but if he wants to be like that, I don't need him." He blinked, and she decided to take that as a sign that he agreed. "You know, for someone that can't talk, you're not a bad conversationalist, Michael. At least you listen. Unlike some other people I could name."

He just continued to stare in response before finally closing his eyes and appearing to drift off once again. Kim honestly couldn't blame him for that, though. She was pretty sure that even if he might have been listening and paying attention to her words he probably didn't understand anything she'd said. It wasn't like someone who'd spent most of his formative years in a place like this and was only a step above being practically comatose would know anything at all about relationship issues. Kim supposed it didn't hurt him any to listen though, and their 'conversation' was probably the most attention he'd received in some time anyway.

She went back to the newspaper, and started working the crossword puzzle, and after a while of struggling with a seven letter word for chaos that started with an S she sighed and moved on to the word jumble. There was really nothing else to do for him until it was time to give him his shot at five, and then she'd be leaving before breakfast was served at 7, so she wouldn't have to stick around and feed him or anything. That was one sort of nice thing about working the hours she did, she didn't really have to deal with a lot of the daily activities so much, but she could see how adhering to a schedule like that might make someone complacent about their duties after a while. Linda was a prime example of that. She was a good nurse, but years of working this shift had made her somewhat lazy.

Still, it was hard to feel like you were really making a difference when the highlights of your shift was giving an injection here and there and sitting around watching your patients sleep. She'd definitely bring her knitting next time, and a book. Maybe she'd even bring Michael a treat, in case he was somewhat wakeful tomorrow night. A candy bar or something from the vending machine. He probably hadn't seen one of those in a long time, and it wouldn't hurt him any. His chart said he was with it enough to eat on his own, so she figured he could manage with a little help. Kim honestly didn't think she'd enjoy eating what they served here, and she figured it would be a nice change for him. It was the least she could do, since she figured they wouldn't be handing out candy where he was going. She really did feel bad for him the more she thought about it, and not just for the fact that he was grossly overmedicated and that he was more than likely headed to prison very soon. Fifteen years was a long time to be in a place like this, especially from such a young age.

Kim glanced up at the clock and was surprised that so much time had gotten away from her since she'd sat back down with the newspaper. It was almost time for her to give him that injection anyway, so she decided to get that over with to lessen the chances of anyone walking in on her playing around with the dosages.

She prepared the syringe and repeated her trick from earlier, this time squirting a little less than half of it into the garbage can, before approaching her patient. Kim was about to alert him to what was going on, but it proved unnecessary since by the time she'd turned back to him his eyes were already open, making her wonder just how deeply he'd been sleeping, or if he'd been sleeping really at all.

"Let's get this over with for now, okay? Hate to do it, but you know the drill." Michael just stared back expressionlessly as she went about giving him the injection, his breathing still as slow and steady as it had been the whole evening. Kim wondered if he could even feel the stick, or if he was just so accustomed to it that he didn't care anymore. Either way, he didn't seem to be upset with her for giving it to him. He didn't even blink as she withdrew the needle and taped on the gauze. Discarding the syringe, she went ahead and logged the injection dutifully if not entirely honestly.

He continued to watch in that odd way that seemed like he might or might not comprehend what was going on around him, and for a moment she seriously wondered if he had any idea that she was doing anything unorthodox here. She wasn't worried about him telling on her of course, since he obviously couldn't or wouldn't speak. Already he was getting that heavy-lidded look she remembered from the last time, so she figured he'd be out cold by the time she left anyway.

Her charge already appearing to be in the midst of dozing off, she began to mentally prepare for the phone call she intended to make when she got home. Kim figured she'd go ahead and freshen up before calling, and perhaps if Drew was agreeable they could go and catch a bite to eat before she headed to bed for the day. Talking in person might be a better idea than trying to hash things out over the phone, anyway.

Kim heard the click of the door and looked up to see Cheryl, one of the day shift nurses entering the room. She was a bit early but

obviously prepared for the day ahead, a copy of *Scruples* peeking out of her purse.

"How's it going, Kim? Long night?" She asked, setting her purse down and walking over to check Michael's chart, giving it a quick cursory scan to see where they were at.

"Long enough. I'll definitely bring something to read tonight. Looks like you came prepared." Kim nodded to the book sticking out from Cheryl's purse.

"Yeah, I didn't get a heads up yesterday, so I made sure to bring something today. I don't really get why we need to sit in here, but whatever. I'm not complaining. Could always find something worse around here to do after all. By the way, how was *Sleeping Beauty* for you? He give you any trouble?" Cheryl teased, glancing over at Michael who was either fast asleep or doing a very good impression of being out cold.

"Are you kidding? I don't think I've ever seen a patient here that was less of a problem, honestly."

"Yeah, he's all right. I'll have to get him up in a while for the breakfast, and that's never fun, but I don't think he can really help being so groggy. I don't understand why they seem to think doping him up a couple of hours before a meal is such a hot idea, and then wonder out why he's so difficult to get up and why it takes so long to get anything into him. I think he'd sleep all day if we'd let him. Still, not his fault though. At least you don't have to fool around with all that at night."

"Does he give you a hard time with that really?" Kim asked curiously, wondering if maybe he was in fact capable of doing more than she'd seen so far and she'd just happened to be around for what he did at night. Cheryl shrugged.

"Nah, I didn't mean he acted out or anything. I don't think I've ever even heard about him being even the slightest bit difficult with anyone. He's just hard to rouse, and he'll nod right back off if you let him. Can't tell you how many times I've had to wake him back up in the middle of something. But still, never had to sit in here all day with him, either. I have no idea why Dr. Loomis is suddenly requesting that. If he won't even stay awake long enough to get him fed, does he really think he's just going to decide to get up and walk out of here all of a sudden after all these years?"

Now it was Kim's turn to shrug. She thought about asking Cheryl what she thought about it all, but decided not to. Probably the less said the better honestly, especially taking into account what she'd done. Cheryl was nice enough, but she didn't want to let anyone in on what she'd done with the medication, period. If Cheryl found him easier to get up today, she didn't want to come under any sort of suspicion. Not that she thought Cheryl would go tattletale or anything if he was a bit easier to wake, she'd likely just be thankful to have an easier time of feeding him.

"Well, if you want to, you can go ahead and get out of here. I'm ready to come on, and there's doughnuts out there at the nurse's station. If you hurry, you might get to snag one before they are all gone."

"Sounds good to me. Thanks Cheryl." Cheryl nodded, taking the seat Kim had been occupying, and pulling her book out of her purse. Kim glanced back over at her patient one last time, and even though he still appeared to be fast asleep she couldn't help but inform him she was leaving. "Bye Michael. See you later." Cheryl looked up as she did, smiling slightly.

"I'm glad I'm not the only one that does that. I know he probably doesn't understand, and he's never gonna answer, but still, seems like it's only right, you know?"

Kim nodded, grabbing her purse and thanking Cheryl again for relieving her early. If she could manage to miss the early morning rush hour out on the interstate she could easily be home in ten minutes, and then she'd go ahead and call Drew and see where things went from there.

3. October 24th, 1978 - Tuesday: Part I

Linda was busily filing a snagged nail when she heard the ward door swing open. She hastily set the file down and did her best to appear as if she were looking over some reports, when she realized it was only Kim, over an hour early for her shift. Linda regarded her curiously and was about to ask her how the conversation with Drew had went, although as she drew closer it was immediately obvious that it hadn't gone well at all. Kim had been a trooper and had attempted to pull herself together for work, although her eyes looked puffy and red like she'd been crying not too long ago. She hadn't bothered to style her wavy brown hair this evening either, instead opting to pull it all back in a half-hearted bun.

Linda rose from her seat as her coworker silently approached to look at the memo board for anything important that might have been posted after she'd gone home for after her shift. "I guess it didn't go so well... you want to talk about it?"

Kim took a deep breath, and gave a sharp laugh, and shook her head.

"Not ready for a commitment, and I was trying to push things too far too fast. He thinks we should take a break and see other people." The words tasted bitter on her tongue as she spat them out quickly, as if she could somehow expel the feelings along with the words.

"That asshole. He would trot out that crap line. Hey, let's go to the back. You're early, and I won't be missed for a while. Seriously, let me get you a drink or something. Come on."

Kim shrugged, not really in the mood to elaborate further but she followed Linda to the break room anyway. She'd slept horribly, tossing and turning for what seemed like forever and had finally decided to just get up and out of bed and come on to work. At least here she didn't have to sit and look at the little watercolor of a sunset framed on the bedroom wall Drew had given her a couple of months ago, or at the half used bottle of Brut he kept forgetting on her bathroom counter.

She followed Linda wearily, and sat down at the table while Linda

fished for change for the vending machine.

"So let me guess, when he came over and dropped that on you, he fed you the 'It's not you, it's me' and 'I still want to be friends' lines of shit too?" Kim shook her head.

"No. He didn't come over."

"What do you mean he didn't come over? Don't tell me, he went with the tried and true 'dump your girlfriend at a restaurant so she doesn't make a scene in public'."

"No."

Linda deposited a quarter, and then turned back to gape at Kim in disbelief.

"He didn't have the guts to tell you in person so he did it over the phone, didn't he?"

Kim nodded slowly, as Linda rolled her eyes so hard for a moment they seemed to be all white.

"What the hell? What a spineless sack of shit. Are you serious? He couldn't even give you the courtesy of telling you in person? What kind of shit is that? Seriously, what is he, twelve? I never liked that asshole, but even I thought better of him than that. Wow, just wow. Jeez."

"I guess I should have known what was coming when he picked up on the first ring. It was like he had been sitting by the phone waiting for me to call, maybe even practicing what he'd say." Kim said softly, reaching out for the Pepsi that Linda handed her. Linda sat down beside her and fished her pack of cigarettes out of her purse, tapping out two this time, and offering her one of those as well. Kim shook her head, and Linda set them to the side for the moment in a rare show of restraint.

"So he not only dumped you on the phone, he couldn't even call you to do it. He sat around and waited for you to cave in and call him. What a loser. Look, I know you're upset, I don't blame you, I would be too, but trust me. You're much better off without a creepo like that anyway. This only proves it. He's a self-absorbed prick, and he obviously doesn't give enough of a damn about you to even break up with you in person. I wouldn't shed another tear over him, if I were you."

"I know that. I know, and I tried to tell myself that he wasn't worth crying over, but my god, Linda. We've been together for almost a year, and this is how it ends?"

"I know. You know what might make you feel a little better? If you want, when we get off work, I'll go with you over to his place, and you can throw all the stuff he left at your place at his front door. Bonus points for anything breakable and expensive. Then we can go catch brunch afterwards, and I'll call up one of my single guy friends to join us."

"No. No, I don't want to do that. He didn't ever really leave anything at my place any way when he stayed. Just a bottle of

aftershave and that brown mug he made at his ceramics class. I think that was actually meant to be a gift too, so it doesn't count."

"I still say you throw it at his door. Hell, throw it at his head when he opens up to see what all the noise is."

"I don't want to be like that. I know I shouldn't even be crying, but it's hard not to. We did have some good times, and it's hard to forget those. And it hurts to know that he could just pick up the phone, toss a few lines my way and that was the end of that for him."

"I think you're being way too nice about it, Hurst. If it'd been me in your shoes, I probably wouldn't even be sitting here now because I'd have probably been picked up for flattening all four of his tires and chucking that ridiculously heavy poetry anthology through his window after setting it on fire. I do hope you waited until he hung up to start with the waterworks, though. Please tell me you did. That asshole doesn't deserve to know he made you cry on top of everything else."

"I didn't. Honestly, it didn't even really hit me until after he hung up. I guess I was too shocked."

"Good riddance to that asshole anyway. You can do a whole lot better than him. What's that old saying 'Plenty of fish in the sea'? I'll tell you what, this Friday let's you and me go out on the town. I know all the best places to angle, if you know what I mean."

Kim sighed, obviously not entertaining the idea of a night out with Linda. She knew all too well what Linda meant, and she wasn't interested. She glanced at the clock, seeing she had about half an hour before she was due to go on.

"I think I'm just going to go ahead and get in there, and let Cheryl go early. I did remember to bring a book, and I think I'm just gonna try to put it out of my mind for now. I came in early to do that anyway. I'll be fine. It just sucks."

"If that's what you want to do, then go for it. But seriously, if you change your mind, I'm totally down to go with you if you want to go bawl him out after work. And we could still brunch, even if you're not. I know just the guy to invite along, too."

"I'll let you know. See you later, Linda." Kim got up, Linda giving her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. She was about to head on over to the room when she suddenly remembered the candy bar she'd wanted to bring to Michael today. Maybe it would make her feel a little better to spoil him today, anyway. Get her mind off of her own problems. Walking over to the machine, she looked the contents over and finally settled on a Hershey bar, plunking in a quarter and pulling the knob.

"Go right ahead, you definitely deserve it." Linda said, finally giving in and lighting up her cigarette and nodding approvingly. Kim gave her a weak smile, collecting the bar and stashing it in her purse, not intending to tell her that the candy wasn't for her at all, but for her patient. While she was pretty sure it wasn't something that would really get her in trouble, it was just candy for god's sake, she didn't want the questions that would come along with

it. Especially since she'd been playing around with his meds.

"Thanks again for the soda, Linda. I'll see you later." She replied, now ready to head to Michael's room for her shift. Linda waved in reply, telling her to think about it and let her know when she came on break. Kim nodded, and padded down the hall towards Michael's room.

She gave a quiet knock before entering, and opened the door slowly. Cheryl looked up from her book, surprised to see Kim so early.

"I'm ready to come on, if you want to go a little early. I figured it was only fair, since you let me go this morning." Cheryl sat down her book, and looked over at Michael who appeared to be fast asleep.

"You sure? You don't have to come on for almost an hour. Plus I haven't given him his meds yet. If you're offering though, sure," She gave Kim a quick once over, noticing the way she seemed less pulled together than usual, and her tired looking eyes. "Is everything okay? You don't look like you slept well."

"I'm fine, really. Just had a rough morning. I'll be okay. And I don't mind giving him the injection, either." Kim replied, looking over at her sleeping patient. "How was he today?" She couldn't help but ask, wondering if he'd been noticeably different for Cheryl.

"Same as always, really. We just finished with his dinner, and getting him cleaned up after that. He kept falling asleep on me, but that's nothing new. Poor guy, has trouble even sitting up he's so drugged up. I had to call Bill in here earlier to help me haul him up and shift him around enough to do a decent job getting him cleaned up. He's pretty much good to go for you though, other than his meds, if you don't mind doing it."

"I don't mind," She repeated, still watching the steady rise and fall of his chest. "Do you want to log it though, so no one asks why I logged three instead of two?" Cheryl nodded, getting up to update the log on his chart, before walking over to check Michael over one last time before leaving.

"Well, I hope your night is better than your morning was, Kim. I guess I'll see you later. Thanks for letting me go early."

"I'm sure it will be. And no problem."

"Try not to have too much fun. Bye, Michael." Cheryl waved at over at him, even though he not given any indication of being awake whatsoever. She gathered her things up, and left, leaving Kim alone with her patient.

No sooner had Cheryl shut the door behind her his eyes opened, almost as if he'd been just waiting for her to leave and for Kim to come on. She couldn't help but give him a small smile, feeling somewhat honored by this in a strange way. Sure, it could be a coincidence, maybe the door closing had stirred him or maybe he was used to receiving his injection around this time anyway and had acclimated to being woken for it. But she'd rather think that it was that she'd

established some sort of bond with him the previous night, as egotistical as that might seem. She wanted to think he remembered the favor she'd done him, and that maybe he'd open up a bit more as a result, if that were indeed possible for him.

"Evening, Michael. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were waiting for me." He didn't respond of course, other than to slightly tilt his head towards her. His eyes ran up and down her slowly, as if he indeed did remember her from the previous night. She reached for his chart and checked it over as she always did when coming on, seeing where Cheryl had picked up where she left off that morning. She also saw where Cheryl had dutifully logged his next dose, and while she could go ahead and do it now she decided to wait and give it to him in a little while when it was actually time.

She looked up from the chart, and noticed he seemed especially focused on her eyes and hair now, as if he could tell she had taken less care with her appearance this evening. Kim wondered if she really looked that bad, and fought the urge to go look in the mirror. Instead she put the chart back and walked closer to the bed, looking him over and meeting that stare with her own eyes. For a moment she could swear she saw a flash of something stirring in those dark eyes. Was it curiosity? Was it concern? Just as quickly however it was gone, and she was left wondering if she were just imagining it. She decided to respond anyway though, on the off chance he was wondering why she looked so tired.

"I'm fine, promise. I just had a rough morning. More of what I told you about yesterday. Just... men. Just when you think they can't do anything else to surprise you, they somehow manage to hit a new low, it seems." He continued to stare, and again she thought she caught a flicker of something not quite placeable in his eyes. Did he maybe somehow understand more of what she'd said the night before than she'd originally thought? She'd spouted off her frustrations with Drew then, not ever really thinking he possibly could understand anything as complicated as relationship issues, but maybe he had understood more than she gave him credit for. He did seem to be paying extra close attention right now, almost as if he somehow both remembered what she'd said, as well as understood that it had something to do with her looking so tired and upset.

"It's okay, really. I'll be fine. I just thought that maybe things would pan out differently. And you know, the more I think about it, Linda's right. He isn't worth being upset over, not really." Again Michael seemed to be listening in his own way, and she couldn't help but think that he'd agree with her if he could. Drew wasn't worth being upset over, and she could do without someone who didn't care to invest anything significant into a relationship with her. She could definitely do better than someone who didn't even have the decency to break up with her in person, for sure.

Michael continued to watch her apparently giving her his full attention. She sighed, and gave him a soft pat on the arm in appreciation.

"I actually do feel a lot better now, though. Sometimes it helps to just talk, and take a step back from it all. You really are a good listener, you know that? You don't interrupt, and you don't try to advise me or tell me how I should have done something differently. You just listen. That's really nice, actually. To have someone just

listen for once." Kim reached over for her purse as she spoke, and began to rifle through it. "I forgot, I brought you something, actually. Thought you might appreciate a treat. You definitely deserve one, after listening to all of my problems yesterday and this evening. Do you like candy?" She held up the Hershey bar where he could see it, wondering if that would draw any reaction from him. Kim figured he hadn't seen one of those in quite a while, and probably wouldn't ever again. Hopefully he liked chocolate, although she was hard pressed really to think of anyone who didn't.

The appearance of the chocolate bar didn't draw his focus away from her eyes, almost as if he could see beyond them and into her head itself. If he did like or even remembered Hershey bars, he seemed quite content to continue staring at her instead of paying attention to it for the time being. Who knew what was really going through that head of his though? Maybe he did like Hershey bars and simply didn't want to give her the satisfaction of bringing something he liked. He was pretty much impossible to figure out after all, but it didn't stop her from trying once again.

"It's chocolate. Bet you don't even remember what that tastes like, do you? Here, look," She cajoled, waving the bar a little still trying to draw his attention to it. Kim peeled the foil wrapper back some to expose a few inches of chocolate, wondering if she should just hand it over, or help him with it. She knew Cheryl said she fed him, and complained that he constantly fell asleep on her. He didn't seem tired now however, and she was curious about what he'd do, so she held the candy out a little closer to see if he'd reach for it. "It's really good, promise. Come on, try it."

Disappointingly, he didn't reach for it although his eyes did finally shift towards what she was offering. He did no more than stare though, and while she'd hoped he might react more than he had, she wasn't terribly surprised either. Michael did a lot of staring, sleeping, and not much else. His eyes remained focused on it though, as she waved the candy back and forth slightly, trying to tempt him into making even the slightest sign that he wanted it. Her efforts were for nothing though, Michael not even flinching in the slightest at its movement. If he really wanted to eat it, she could have been fooled.

It dawned on her that maybe he didn't know what it was, maybe he didn't remember candy. From what she'd seen of Loomis and the stories she'd heard about him, she highly doubted he ever brought him anything like that, at least not in a very long time. So maybe he just didn't remember sweets, which in a way made her even sadder, the thought that he'd been in here so long he'd forgotten something that almost everyone loved even well out of childhood. Kim brought the bar a little closer, almost brushing his lips with it, and waited to see what that did.

"Come on, I promise you'll like it. It's good. Better than anything they serve here. C'mon, just try a little." Kim coaxed, almost as if she were prodding a picky child to try something new on their plate, rather than trying to get a grown man, however afflicted, to accept a treat.

At first he didn't react even as she brushed his lips with the chocolate softly, but just as she was getting ready to give up he opened his mouth slightly for her in what seemed to be an invitation

for her to feed it to him. It was now her move again, her turn to take the next step, something she was used to by now. It was hard to do otherwise with someone who barely moved and never spoke.

Kim gently pushed the candy a little closer, barely brushing his lower lip and teeth with it, wondering if a small taste might encourage him to open up a bit more, or perhaps even reach out and take it from her. She somehow doubted he would but she couldn't help but continue to give him that chance. She'd already resigned herself to the strong probability that she'd have to help him with it anyway, and as Cheryl had said it was not really his fault. Prodding a little more, she continued to watch him for any reaction.

"See? Isn't it good? You want it?" Kim asked, feeling the candy starting to soften slightly in her grip as she continued to offer it to him, now wondering if maybe she should have picked else out for him. She'd chosen the Hershey bar because it was plain chocolate without any bells and whistles, but hadn't thought about how it could be messier than something with a little more substance. Oh well, it wasn't really that big of a deal. She could always clean him up when they were done.

Suddenly he flicked his tongue lightly at it, and apparently satisfied with the taste he bit down softly, obviously interested in it now. Even if he really didn't remember chocolate from when he was a little kid and not confined to Smith's Grove, he seemed to enjoy tasting it. The tip of his tongue took on a hint of brown from the chocolate as he lightly licked and nipped at it, his eyes darting back up to hers again and locking onto them.

Kim couldn't help but smile a little as he looked up, happy that he seemed to enjoy it after all. She continued to hold it for him, pressing it a little closer encouraging him to have more of it. Yeah, she'd definitely have to clean him up after this, he already had some of it smeared at his lip where she'd prodded him with it, and she was pretty sure that as delicately as he seemed to work at it, that he probably couldn't help being a bit of a messy eater. It couldn't be easy to eat something someone else was holding for you.

"I'm glad you like it. I thought you deserved a treat, you really do seem nice enough."

Michael didn't seem to notice the chocolate on his lip as he continued to nip at the candy, eyes still locked on hers. He didn't return her smile, but she hadn't expected him to anyway. It seemed like a minor miracle alone that he'd finally reacted to the candy at all. She couldn't help but wonder how Dr. Loomis would react if he walked in to find her hand-feeding him a chocolate bar after all his strict guidelines regarding Myers. The idea of someone walking in on her doing something as innocent as giving him candy worried her slightly. She didn't think there were any rules against it honestly, but still the idea of someone seeing it unnerved her a little. Kim's hand shook slightly both from the possibility of discovery as well as the growing strain of holding it out and keeping it still for Michael to work at. Of course this only served to make him even messier, the trembling in her hand causing the softened chocolate to smear whatever it touched.

He was getting close to done though, so she continued to hold it for him, and smiled again to push the anxiety back. She doubted she'd

really get in trouble even if caught, at least by another nurse, although she might endure some teasing about spoiling her patient. Kim relaxed a little, and continued to watch him, wondering if he'd finish it up or if he'd had enough already. She peeled the foil back further to expose more of the bar for him, getting some of the melting chocolate on her fingers as well as on his face.

"Sorry, I'm really not trying to get you messy. It's just melting. It'll come right off, don't worry."

He still didn't seem to mind or possibly even notice the melted chocolate, even as she spoke of it. His lack of response was once again what made him so easy to deal with. Where one patient might get upset over being made a mess of, especially by a nurse and not their own doing, he was seemingly indifferent. If that blank stare truly held any meaning at all, it was really beyond her what that might be. While definitely slowed by Thorazine he really didn't strike her as dull enough to eat something that he didn't care for, so she was fairly sure he was enjoying it.

Encouraged, Kim peeled the foil back even further, her fingers very messy by now, although she didn't mind either. She might even bring him another one tomorrow, since he seemed to enjoy this one so much. In fact there wasn't much left of the bar as she adjusted her hand to bring the last few bites closer for him, almost forgetting how upset she'd been at the start of the evening as she tried to decipher the meaning behind the stare. Was it enjoyment, or maybe gratitude? She liked to think it was something like that, anyway.

He was down to the last bite or so when her finger grazed his lip, trying her best to hold the last of it for him and not waste any of it. The way he seemed to be enjoying it, she didn't want him to lose out on the last few bites, especially considering after this week he probably wouldn't be within a mile of anything like chocolate, or anyone nice enough to feed it to him. Her finger brushed his lip again, and she thought for a moment she felt something like a twitch.

As if he didn't realize the actual chocolate was gone he continued to lick and nip at her chocolate smeared fingers, slowly cleaning the chocolate from them for her, though she was definitely sure that that wasn't his intention. While he may have appreciated the candy and her company in general, it didn't seem likely that he'd think to clean her, especially since he didn't mind the mess on himself.

He kept licking at her fingers, even after most of the melted, smeared chocolate had disappeared thanks to his eager tongue. He also continued to nip lightly at her fingers, not hard enough to injure her, but enough that she undoubtedly felt his teeth graze her skin.

Now it was her turn to twitch, and she reflexively pulled back slightly as he slowed to a stop, feeling her stomach turn a small flip. The thought had definitely crossed her mind that he might clamp his teeth down harder, but it didn't happen, almost as if he somehow realized that her fingers were not the candy bar he'd been eating. Why then had he continued? Had he really been confused about where the bar ended and her fingers began, had he liked the taste so much he'd continued anyway, or had it meant something else?

She couldn't believe she was even thinking this, but the feeling of his tongue and teeth on her skin had been mildly arousing. For a brief moment she wondered if he'd somehow known that, before shaking her head in disbelief. No, he'd simply been after the candy, she was sure of it.

"All done? I'm glad you liked it. Let's get you cleaned up now." She walked over to the sink, first washing off what remained of the chocolate on her hands, admittedly not much when he'd been through with her and then grabbed a washcloth and ran it under the warm water. Kim approached the bed again, and began to gently wipe up the mess on his face.

Michael had shut his mouth by now, the only evidence that he'd done anything more than stare as usual being the traces of chocolate left on his face. While that might easily be explained away with any other patient, she still wanted to get him cleaned up quickly before anyone could walk in and question her about how someone who supposedly sat and laid around staring all day managed to get chocolate on him in the middle of the night.

She wrapped the wet cloth around her index finger and worked a bit harder on a particularly stubborn smear she caused when her hand had shook, before noticing that some had managed to go down the side of his neck, probably from the little bit of drooling he'd done. She leaned over him a little, trying to wipe that up as well, before leaning further to make sure none of it had gotten onto the white sheets. Groaning a bit as she thought about how difficult it would be to shift him around enough to change the sheets. She raised herself onto her tiptoes to lean a little further over him, when she felt it.

His fingers were brushing at her crotch. It was a light touch, buffered somewhat through her uniform and panties, but it was still happening. It even felt like he was wiggling his fingers a little as she felt him poke harder at her. Michael's eyes remained on her like nothing was happening, seeming for all the world completely innocent, and mindless. Despite that, she was certain that he was intentionally trying to feel her pussy. That certainty only increased as she felt him press even harder against her as she froze, still leaned over him. Being so close to him, Loomis likely would have said she was sticking her head in the lion's mouth, but if Myers was a lion, he was a very, very friendly one.

She didn't move for the longest time, her heart beating a little faster as she felt him continue to press against her there. Her eyes shifted from the door, back to him, and back to the door again. Everything in her screamed to move, to get off of him, and that this was just an accident. He couldn't possibly know what he was doing, could he? There was no way, but regardless still he continued to prod, and she could feel his fingers twitch under her. Still she didn't move, even though she knew she should.

She again had to wonder if he knew what he was doing as he started rubbing his fingers a little faster against the cloth of her uniform, his finger nails noisy against the white cloth in the otherwise silent room. He seemed to press even harder as if trying to get a better feel of her slit. Those eyes never once wavered either, almost as if he were daring her to move, like it was a game to see who would back down first.

She stared back, feeling a familiar tug deep in the pit of her stomach as her panties becoming slightly moist. Kim knew she should move, that she should tell him to stop, that she should just get up and walk away, but she couldn't. In a way, she was curious about if he really knew what he was doing, how far he'd take it if he did, and how much of this was just something she was misinterpreting. The more she questioned if he could possibly understand what he was doing to her, the more the seeming deliberateness of his movements fed that growing temptation inside of her. She couldn't believe it, but somehow she wanted him, wanted him to keep doing that, wanted more of him as well.

Almost as if reading her mind he continued, now poking at the cloth as if it actually annoyed him, preventing him from being able to fully reach her sweet spot. The longer she debated whether or not to move, the more he played, working at her, perhaps even testing her. Kim watched him shift his attention down to his hand, not even daring to breath. There was no possible way he could know what he was doing, and she needed to get up off of him and away from him now, at least for her own sake. She could feel the dampness in her panties growing by the second as he fumbled, and she knew it was wrong. Taking a strained, almost choked breath she straightened up and took a quick step back from him.

Michael's eyes immediately returned to her face as she moved away, the rest of his face emotionless, but at the same time his eyes seemed to say a lot. His fingers immediately stopped moving too, almost as if he was trying to make her think she imagined the whole thing, like a little boy teasing an adult or fellow child, tapping them on the shoulder or tugging at their clothes only to pretend as if he'd done nothing when they turned around.

Kim struggled to find words to express what she was thinking, about how that was totally inappropriate, that he shouldn't touch her that way, that she shouldn't have let it continue as long as she had before straightening up, along with wondering if he understood any of what he'd just done at all. They didn't come to her however, and she found herself simply staring back at him, heart still pounding, as well as another part of her anatomy. The way he'd licked and nibbled at her fingers too came to mind, and she couldn't help but wonder how much of that she'd misinterpreted as him just mindlessly going for the rest of the chocolate. For a split second, she seriously wondered if he was trying to come on to her, before feeling horrified that she'd even consider that as an explanation for what he'd done.

At the same time though, she couldn't help but wonder just how farfetched that idea truly was. He was an adult after all, and what if his newfound alertness courtesy of her had maybe woken up other aspects of him as well. Kim didn't say a word, and she only continued to stare back, trying to digest everything that had just happened between them as he continued regarding her with something that she swore was almost close to amusement.

4. October 24th, 1978 - Tuesday: Part II

And just as quickly it was gone, leaving only the blankness Kim had become accustomed to from him, his only movement the slow blinking of his eyes. He was once again perfectly playing the part he'd become

known for around the ward, as if the last few moments hadn't occurred at all seeming for all the world as if he didn't even know what groping was let alone would be capable of it. She knew better though, and was no longer completely buying his act, having seen him react far too much already and apparently only for her.

Curiosity sank it's hooks deeper, getting the best of her. Kim couldn't help but approach again him again, speaking quietly. "Michael, do you know what you just did? Just now, while I was cleaning you up?" Kim chose her words carefully, even though she already knew he wasn't going to answer her. She just couldn't help but try to figure out exactly how much of this he actually understood, what had been intentional, and what might have been misconstrued on her part. "When you started moving your hand while I was leaning over you... did you do that on purpose?"

Of course, he didn't reply other than his eyes carefully following her as she leaned in, still portraying his innocence without missing a beat. After all, why would he, motionless, mute, staring Michael Myers feel up a nurse? If it was brought up with Dr. Loomis or Dr. Wynn or Keats, it would be her word against his, well, silence. He was supposed to be injected with enough Thorazine to put several normal men into a stupor, how could anyone think he was anything but innocent of copping a feel off of a nurse when even moving a finger should be an arduous task for him?

Still she couldn't help but continue to prod a bit, regardless of whether or not he responded. As hard as he was to read, she had learned something in her dealings with him. She was now pretty sure he understood a lot more of what she said than she'd thought previously, and she decided to continue following that assumption.

"Do you know where you were touching me? Do you know anything about what happens when you touch a girl there, Michael?" Kim gestured below her waist as she spoke, watching him closely for any inkling that he was digesting this.

Maybe it was just her, but Michael seemed to suddenly start blinking even more slowly, in that almost lazy way that he had when she first met him before she'd reduced his medication. Was he trying to tell her something or was he just toying with her? Maybe it was neither and she was just fooling herself, desperately trying to assign meaning into some random action on his part. Either way he didn't give her anything that could be construed as a definite answer. For all she knew, he was still thinking about the candy bar and wondering when she was bringing him another one, or perhaps considering his next meal or sponge bath.

It was all she could do to not groan in frustration as she lowered her voice even more, and leaned in closer.

"Michael, when you touch a girl there, it does...things to her. Complicated things, and sometimes... sometimes she likes it. But you shouldn't touch a girl there, unless she says it's okay and you understand exactly what touching her there does. It's not like touching someone's hands, or arms. It's different. I'm not mad, I just wanted to be sure you understood that," She finished lamely, feeling incredibly embarrassed at this point and both frustrated and ironically grateful that he wasn't verbal. It was bad enough to have

to give him an extremely simple explanation regarding a subject any normal guy would have learned about by now, and she wasn't sure if she could manage had he been able to truly voice any comments or questions. "Do you understand me, Michael?"

He still showed no sign of understanding or caring if he did in fact understand. He only stared and blinked, stared and blinked, stared and blinked. It was almost impossible to read someone who responded like that and honestly trying to explain anything to someone with no real capability or will to respond was nothing more than a fool's errand on her part.

Kim still couldn't help but speculate over whether or not he could possibly be wanting what it seemed he was. It seemed laughable and tragic on one hand, but completely plausible on the other. Even if he'd been laying around doped out of his mind for years, he'd still grown and matured, at least physically. Wasn't it possible that he felt the same urges any man did, and it was only the lack of an outlet that had kept him from expressing it?

Finally giving up, she sighed and turned her back to him. She'd let him have this one, and not push the matter, although she still wasn't totally buying his act, having seen too much evidence to the contrary that there was more than met the eye with him. She'd said her part though, and if he did something like that again she'd have a good idea that he was definitely acting on purpose. Until then she'd give him the benefit of the doubt.

It was then that she remembered that she had yet to give him the injection of Thorazine Cheryl had pre-logged for her. While she still didn't intend to give him the whole dose, she also didn't intend to skip it entirely and let Cheryl take the fall should anything adverse happen. Kim knew that even when orders were given to stop meds, it was done via slow withdrawal, and not suddenly. She didn't want to risk him having a seizure, or any number of awful things happening to him because she had been careless and lost track of time.

Kim hurried over to the supply cabinet and quickly prepared his injection to her specifications before returning to his bedside to give it to him. While he didn't do anything to indicate that he cared whether or not she gave it to him, as she swabbed his upper arm and told him she was about to stick him she swore she saw something like disappointment in his eyes. It was quickly gone however, and as she depressed the plunger she found herself questioning whether it had ever been there to begin with. Finishing up, she disposed of the syringe and was about to go and sit down when she heard a strange sound issuing from the bed that made her turn back to him in disbelief.

Had he just tried to say something? Kim wasn't sure, and she highly doubted it, but hearing something more than the occasional stertorous breathing from him was something entirely new to her.

"Michael?" She ventured, pausing and listening carefully for any repetition of that low, almost choked sound.

He didn't repeat the sound, only fixing those dark eyes on her intently. Before she could give up and go sit down as she'd intended though, he tilted his head slightly at her, eyes still focused on her. He kept his head tilted for a few moments as their eyes locked

and then moved his head back up straight again. It was a far cry from her first night watching him when he'd looked away each time she caught him looking at her.

Kim was sure that had not been some random movement on his part there and a part of her thrilled to see that he did apparently have the will to respond, if not all of the means. She drew closer, fascinated, almost afraid to speak and perhaps cut him off should he try again. Instead she smiled encouragingly and watched, waiting for him to try again.

He didn't tilt or groan again as she moved closer though, only continuing to stare, seemingly determined to not give her a repeat performance. But then, like a predator lying low and waiting on its prey, he shot a hand up to her chest, grabbing her left breast and squeezing firmly.

Kim gasped, and was about to pull away when she saw something like a glint of triumph in those dark eyes that were riveted on her as he continued to squeeze. She squirmed slightly, that nagging sense of arousal returning in full force in a matter of moments, the place between her legs beginning to respond as if remembering where he'd left off earlier.

Still staring, Michael squeezed more at her breast as she squirmed, tilting his head again almost as if studying her reaction to his groping, his forceful hand kneading at her breast as if it were dough. His breathing faltered slightly as he flexed his fingers a little faster, still watching her intently. With a sense of bafflement as well as intrigue, she watched as the sheet began to tent below his waist, and she knew that was no coincidence either. He had to know what he was doing, there was no way he didn't. She choked back a little cry as he squeezed harder with a strength she would have sworn he didn't have not even five minutes ago.

"Michael," She whispered, her heart beginning to skitter, that damp feeling returning to plague her again. "What do you want? Tell me."

He didn't tell her as he squeezed and his cock poked up underneath the sheet even more, instead choosing to show her by moving his hand to her shoulder, pulling, though gently, trying to move her closer to him. She could have easily pulled away and moved far out of his reach to tell him off again, but she didn't. He pulled more, making it very clear where he wanted her as he directed her body closer to his waist.

Glancing cautiously at the door, and then the clock, she let him pull her in a little closer against him. What she was considering doing with him even managed to shock her somewhat. She'd never behaved like this with a patient, ever. If you'd asked her last week if she'd ever thought about doing anything even remotely sexual with any of her charges the answer would have been a resounding NO and a horrified look.

She pulled away from him then and stood up, his hand releasing it's grip on her, his dark eyes following her every move with an intensity that made the hair on the back of her neck stand up. Every other part of him remained motionless however, save the steady rise and fall of his chest. It was as if he were trying to tell her in his own way

that the ball was now in her court.

For once she didn't even try to speak or walk him through what she was about to do. Instead she simply slipped out of her soft white shoes, hiked her skirt enough to allow her a little more movement and then climbed up into the bed, straddling his hips. She settled against him, meeting his gaze briefly before closing her own eyes for the moment. Slowly, carefully she began to rock her crotch against him. She still did not utter a single word, somehow matching his silence right now seemed less dirty to her, and less like she was taking advantage of the both the situation and her patient. In fact, with her eyes closed he could be anyone really. She supposed that was one of the advantages to him being so ordinary looking. It could be anyone in the world beneath her right now.

Michael remained silent and didn't attempt to lay a hand on her again for the moment, apparently content with what she was doing and seeing no need to direct her. The hardness of his flesh testified that he was indeed quite satisfied with her efforts. Though she'd never know for sure herself, it undoubtedly the first time his cock had reacted to something like this. He'd never had the opportunity, after all. Kim found herself wondering if he even knew it was possible for such things to happen. She already knew she shouldn't expect an answer from him and he only blinked in his lazy way as she continued rocking against him, revealing nothing. His cock was rock hard for her now, and pressed firmly between her legs through their clothing.

Kim rocked a little harder against him, still very aware of feeling those eyes trained upon her even though her own eyes remained closed as she continued to rub against firm flesh that seemed to somehow continue to grow even harder by the second. She could still hear him breathing, but other than the occasional squeak of the bed protesting this treatment the room was for the most part silent. She groaned softly and ground down more on his hardness, loving the way it felt against her, growing steadily wetter and more excited by the moment.

With her eyes still closed, Kim failed to notice his head tilt again, just slightly, as she groaned. For the moment he was almost something like a sex toy for her. Silent, unmoving, and hard for her on command apparently. She was too lost in her own pleasure to notice that his breathing was steadily getting a bit heavier as she continued grinding away on him. His hands remained in place on the bed, making no movement to stop her or touch her at all.

Kim was definitely lost in the moment, forgetting to even worry about someone walking in on them, for now only caring about the heat and pressure building beneath the thin cotton of her panties, a heat and pressure she responded to by grinding even faster and harder against him. Suddenly, she dropped her hands to the lower part of his chest to steady herself somewhat and then braced against him to rock and rub harder against that incredibly hard cock beneath her. Kim felt like she could go off any minute now if she kept this up, and she had no intention of stopping until she did.

Michael slowly moved his hand to rest on her thigh and squeeze gently, finally showing the first bit of initiative he had since he'd grabbed hold of her earlier. Kim slit her eyes open at the contact, quickly closing them again however and redoubling her efforts. While she could swear he'd groaned slightly just then, other than the hand

on her leg he did nothing else, apparently content to let her do the work for both of them here. That didn't strike Kim as particularly unusual though, because what guy in his right mind wouldn't sit back and let a girl in a nurse outfit ride them until her panties were a sopping mess? She'd done that with Drew plenty of times since she'd been seeing him after all, and he enjoyed it immensely. Michael wasn't Drew though, or even just some random guy on the street. He was a patient in Smiths Grove, her charge, and for all practical purposes completely off limits to be doing something like this with for a multitude of reasons. Yet she couldn't help but think that for a murderer who Dr. Loomis had deemed to be completely evil he seemed rather harmless, especially with the way he docilely lay there and let her do as she pleased.

Her skirt had hiked up even higher as she rubbed furiously against him, revealing the white cotton of her panties completely now and she paused for a second to worm a hand down the front to rub at her swollen clit. Kim groaned again under her breath as she began to circle and rock even harder against him, practically bucking on top of him now. She definitely wasn't going to last much longer, and she knew it. She was already feeling that familiar tug low in her belly, the bed itself now perhaps somehow speaking for her mute patient, squeaking even more sharply as she rode him out. Kim's panties were absolutely soaked now, but she didn't stop, not yet. Fueled by some perverse desire to wring an equal reaction from the man beneath her she continued to grind down on him, panting hard, rocking her hips almost jerkily now. Sagging a bit to lean in closer over him, her breath came hot and hard as she continued to try to get him off, thinking he couldn't possibly be far behind her from the the tell-tale twitching his cock was doing beneath his own damp hospital gown.

She looked down at him, and while his face was still as blank as could be and revealed nothing of his mental state, she did notice his eyes shifting slightly to take in the sight of her still playing with herself before darting back up to her face. His breathing got even heavier, hitching slightly, and it wasn't long at all before he did catch up with her. Kim heard him make that small sound she'd heard before, coming to recognize it as his attempt at groaning before cumming hard and adding to the already wet mess soaking the crotch of his gown. Kim watched with fascination, thinking there seemed to be a lot of it but perhaps that was to be expected from a man who probably wasn't enough together to even play with himself, let alone ever had a girl basically ride him to the point of orgasm.

Kim slowed to a stop then, catching her breath for a moment before quickly dismounting her now very messy patient. Standing at the bedside fairly panting, she tugged off her soaked panties and stuffed them down into the trashcan beneath the discarded latex gloves, cotton swabs and various other trash, well out of sight. She hadn't planned ahead to bring a fresh pair, and she found herself worried she'd soiled her uniform as well, eyes flicking down to register a small stain in the front near the hem that had probably happened as it had ridden up on her hips.

Now somewhat panicked and truly afraid of being caught, she grabbed the sheet that had inched down the bed and yanked it quickly over her patient all the way up to his chest to hide the mess there for the moment before she rushed to the sink and began to dab with soap and water at the small wet stain. Almost shaking now with both fear and

adrenaline she cursed softly under her breath as she tried to rinse the spot out to the best of her ability.

Michael continued watching her as she scrubbed furiously at the stain on her uniform, his own breathing already approaching normal, slow and measured. His hands now remained motionless underneath the sheet, as if he didn't even notice the mess she'd caused for both of them. He looked for all the world as if nothing had even happened, but her act wasn't entirely hidden either. Even though she'd tossed the sheet over him in an attempt to cover the mess, she'd forgotten to account for the fact that a certain part of his anatomy still poked up at the sheet announcing its presence.

Finally satisfied with her shot at emergency stain-removal, she began to work at wiping all she could off of her crotch, before trying to right her appearance as best she could. While her patient might very well look much as he usually did, her hair was mussed beneath her cap, and her cheeks were flushed. She unpinned her cap to smooth her hair somewhat before adjusting and pinning the white starched fabric back into place, and took a deep breath when she realized she wasn't done cleaning up yet.

Now that she was not distracted by rocking and grinding against hard flesh she realized the smell of their mingled fluids hung heavy in the room as well, practically screaming 'Guess what just happened in here?!'. Kim grabbed for the can of disinfectant spray and doused the trash can, and sprayed the room generously, hoping to cover the odor up. When the harsh smell of disinfectant almost caused her to choke a little she stopped, satisfied that the smell was no longer noticeable before finally turning her attention back to her patient.

He hadn't moved an inch in the time she'd take to clean up and spray the room, his eyes simply following her as she worked. His face was as blank as ever, not that she'd expected him to suddenly grin or laugh at her predicament or offer up any sort of advice. Kim began to calm down a bit now that the room didn't reek of body fluids and her soaked panties had been disposed of, although there was still the matter of cleaning Michael up. That didn't distress her nearly as much as the rest of mess had though, after all just because he was a sticky mess under that sheet didn't necessarily mean she'd done anything wrong to a casual observer. Even if someone happened upon her while she was cleaning him up she could always claim he'd had an accident or something. It wasn't like that sort of thing never happened around here after all. Still, the quicker she could get him out of that gown with its tell-tale stains and musky odor the better. She really didn't feel like explaining THAT to anyone.

For once the blank look on his face and those staring eyes seemed appropriate to the situation. Although his expression hadn't changed in the slightest something about that thousand-yard stare seemed almost accusing, as if he were in his own way saying something along the lines of, "You know that's not the truth. You know it wasn't just an accident on my part. You made me do that. It's all your fault." For a second Kim could swear that it was almost as if he could somehow see into her and read her thoughts like they were projected on her forehead or something.

Kim couldn't help but interpret it as that, anyway. Guilt was beginning to creep in now that her immediate concerns had been addressed, and she felt pricked by those dark eyes. She flashed him

an apologetic look, and went over to the supply cabinet and started gathering what she'd need to clean him up, trying to ignore the feeling rising in her gut. Now that she could think a little more clearly, she was somewhat appalled at what she'd done. Even if he had been seemingly interested and complicit in this, she really had taken advantage of him. There was no getting around that. Even if he'd made no move to stop her at all, and even though she'd gotten him off there was no way he had been able to consent to it regardless of anything he'd done to encourage her.

While Kim had her back turned to him, Michael's head seemed to tilt slightly to the side again, his slow blinking the only thing interrupting his line of sight. His hard on had gone down a little but it was still present, and could probably be brought back to a full one very quickly with just a little attention. His hands remained in the same place on the bed that they'd been all night as if he'd never once moved at all, his hands open and calm looking as if he wouldn't even hurt a fly. He simply watched.

Kim hurried to finish assembling what she needed and went to the sink to fill up the basin with warm water, wanting to get him cleaned up as soon as possible both to assuage her guilt and further erase her deed, if only from sight. She set the basin down on the table by his bed, wincing a little as she noted the half mast he was sporting under the soiled gown. She wet her lips nervously, and finally began to speak.

"Let's get you out of that and cleaned up, okay?"

Michael didn't answer her with even the slightest nod or a blink of his eyes, something else she wasn't surprised by and she wondered if maybe he was finally feeling the effects of the injection she'd given him earlier. She cranked the head of the bed up a little higher than it already was, hoping to make this easier on both of them. There was no way she could try to haul him to sit further up after all, especially without his cooperation. She wasn't about to go get an orderly to help either, as was the standard practice for trying to move someone like that. Hopefully this would be enough, she thought before reaching to tug at the ties in back, running her hand down his back and feeling for the second tie and tugging it free. Now that the gown was untied, she carefully began to ease it off, intending to throw it in with the soiled linens and hope no one inspected any of it too closely. She couldn't help but let her eyes wander down to that persistent erection he still sported, starting to wonder why it hadn't gone down more by now.

The head of his cock almost seem to look back at her as his eyes did, the skin glistening from his expelled fluids, the shaft itself a bit thick looking even at half mast. He shifted slightly in his bed then, still looking at her almost as if waiting to see what she'd do next, especially since his cock was now visible to her.

Deciding to ignore it for now, and hoping it would pass soon, she tossed the gown into the laundry bin and dunked the washcloth into the basin and started trying to sponge off the worst of the mess. Of course, working that warm, wet washcloth around down there wasn't going to do anything to help that hard on ease down, and her efforts only caused him to become even stiffer until he was just as hard as he'd been earlier. That, however, was a common enough occurrence and was just something that happened when bathing a patient. She began to

relax a little more at that thought, returning the cloth to the basin to make another pass. She didn't intend to wash all of him, that wasn't necessary and she would more than likely need assistance with that anyway.

The slit of his cock continued to look at her like some kind of eye, the meat very hard underneath the washcloth, much like it'd felt before when it was pressed between her legs. As she made another pass with the cloth she heard his breathing start to become heavier again, however he remained still as she thoroughly washed up as down his hard shaft.

Kim looked back at him as his breath hitched, now really wondering just how aware he really was right now. He constantly kept her guessing, seeming at times to be completely out of it, and other times there seemed to be something in those dark, almost vacant eyes that suggested otherwise. Every time she thought she'd figured him out, he did something to surprise her and make her question her own perception of him one way or another.

The thought that he might be enjoying this as well came to mind, and as terrible as she knew it was, she wondered if maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. If he was truly enjoying it, and he did seem to be, then maybe what she'd done earlier hadn't been quite as bad as she'd thought despite the ethical implications of it all. Of course it was still quite taboo and extremely unprofessional to fool around with a patient, no amount of acceptance and seeming encouragement on his part could ever change that. She'd certainly be out on her ear if she were caught doing anything like that but what if she just continued to wash and let things go from there? If he really seemed to be enjoying it, then maybe it wasn't wrong.

She had said she'd take good care of him, after all, and that court-date was rapidly drawing near as well. Kim seriously doubted that if he did indeed wind up incarcerated he'd be receiving the same level of care that he did here. There was also the fact that she did feel sorry for him, knowing that he'd never experienced anything like what she'd done with him earlier, and more than likely never would again. He had a little less than a week left here, and they still had a few long nights ahead of them. Maybe, depending on how things went, she'd show him a little more.

5. October 24th, 1978 - Tuesday: Part III

Michael uttered another low, strained sound that she now was pretty sure was his attempt at groaning. Though Kim couldn't see it, his eyes seemed to shift from her and then back down to what she was doing to him with her hands and that washcloth. While he didn't move to touch her back, he continued to watch avidly with those dark eyes as she worked.

His hands hadn't even twitched from all the attention she was giving to him, and if she didn't know better, it would have made her wonder if he was paralyzed. He wasn't, of course, just sedated, at least somewhat. Not quite sedated enough to find no enjoyment in what she was doing, but also seemingly enough to not do anything if he really wanted her to stop. If he was truly as evil as Loomis made him out to be, that would be by harming her, but Kim still wasn't convinced that he was dangerous at all. Sure, he'd murdered his sister, but that had

been fifteen years ago and he'd been a young boy then. As far as she knew, Michael hadn't acted out in even the slightest way since then.

Kim debated for a moment, and then decided to go ahead and take care of that hard on for him, while it would be easy to clean up. Michael didn't seem to mind at all, in fact she swore he'd groaned again just now. Encouraged, she set the washcloth back in the basin, this time wrapping her hand around his cock. Kim began to stroke, unable to help but like how he felt in her hands, so hard. Almost shamefully she found herself enjoying the idea that she'd done that to him, made him react that way for her.

Even though Kim watched him carefully for any clue that he was enjoying her attention, he revealed very little. Other than the fact that he was still hard and that his breathing had gotten a little heavier, he gave no other indication of liking or disliking her touch.

Speeding her hand up, her eyes were drawn to the moisture once again beading at the slit. She decided to take that as a sign that he was enjoying this, after all he wasn't giving her anything else to go by other than heavy breathing. Michael continued to watch the movements of her hand as she stroked faster, and for just a moment she could swear he'd ever so slightly tilted his head almost quizzically. Glancing at the door and ready to make a grab for the washcloth again if necessary, she brought her hand up and stroked her palm over the tip, smearing the slippery wetness over and down, and resumed pumping him. The room was utterly silent, other than his ragged breathing and the sound of the flesh of her hand rubbing at the flesh of his cock.

Michael's breathing hitched again as her palm smeared the wetness further down, his hardness bulging in her hand as she continued pumping away at it. Kim judged that he was close to going off again, based on that heavy, almost stertorous breathing although he remained completely still. He was still focused on her hands and his cock and she'd never know if he was paying attention more to her or the feeling that had to be coursing through him as she slammed her hand up and down his shaft.

Kim reached her free hand up to gently cradle his balls as she continued to stroke, flicking her eyes to his face momentarily before back returning to the task literally at hand. She knew he more than likely couldn't hold out much longer on her, especially given the fact that she was certain that even though he'd cum not long before, his inexperience would still impact how long he could last.

As she looked back at what she was doing, he briefly moved his eyes to look at her before looking back down too. She was right in thinking that he was going to go over the edge soon because soon his breathing hitched again and he began to cum for her. As she kept stroking, his white, hot seed spurted into the air in thick ribbons, landing on her hand as it came splashing back down.

She watched in fascination as the thick, hot stickiness coated her hand, continuing to slowly stroke a little longer, before satisfied with her performance and reaching back for the wet cloth to wipe him off again. The water had cooled while she had been busy playing with him, and for a moment she felt bad using that cloth and thought about

going back for warm water, but he didn't seem to care at all anyway. Kim finished wiping up, and reached for the towel to dry him off before dumping the contents of the basin in the sink, and tossing the used towels in with the rest of the soiled linens.

Of course, his eyes followed her as she moved away from him again, his cock finally seeming to lose all of it's hardness. It would have been a minor miracle if he still managed to be hard after she'd milked it twice, undoubtedly draining most of his seed through her efforts. His breathing quickly returned to normal and he was completely quiet again, eyes slowly blinking as he stared.

She glanced at the clock, and realized she needed to finish up in here, because she was skirting her lunch break closely. She didn't want Linda or anyone else to come poking in looking for her, not before she finished cleaning him up.

He tilted his head slightly as she realized the time, almost as if he were thinking something similar. And wouldn't it just be oh so funny to him if someone walked in while his cock was still hanging out, the little evidence left of her dirty deed? Not that he'd actually laugh if it was funny to him. Of course, she could still easily explain it away as him having had some sort of small accident that she'd been required to clean up.

Kim retrieved a clean gown for him and groaned when she realized she was going to have a hard time getting it on him, especially given his penchant for sitting perfectly still, neither aiding nor hindering her. He was going to be dead weight, and she knew it. She reached for his left arm, worked the armhole over that pale limb, and then repeated the process on his right side. Now came the tough part, shifting him up enough to get the back secured.

As she wondered just how in the hell she was going to get his gown completely on without any help, he simply lay there as he usually did, watching her. But to her surprise, he suddenly rolled onto his side, exposing his back to her as if he were trying to make it easier on her. He'd had enough gowns put on over the years to possibly know how to get them on easier than even she did. He remained turned onto his side, waiting for her to finish the job.

Kim stared in disbelief and he shifted and rolled, before realizing what he was doing and hastily adjusting the ties and fastening them. She couldn't believe he'd deigned to help her just now, even now that she'd gotten it on and fastened she continued to stare, utterly baffled by the way he seemed to not care about anything whatsoever and be content to sit still and not respond to anything only to shock her by doing something like this.

"Thank you, Michael. That really helped me out." She whispered, still stunned he'd been so cooperative. "It's okay, I'm done now."

At her words, Michael slowly rolled onto his back again, eyes immediately focusing back on hers. He didn't respond otherwise to her gratitude for his unexpected help though, simply watching and always seeming to leave it up to her to decide what was next. Of course, when you didn't speak and rarely moved on your own, doing otherwise would be a feat.

Kim watched as he inexplicably took her cue to roll back over, and

draped a clean sheet over him, breathing a sigh of relief. He truly had made it much easier for her. She'd thought for a moment she was going to have to go get help to get him dressed again, but now, to look at him one would never know anything untoward had happened in here. He looked exactly the way he had when she came on this evening. Just in time too, for the clock indicated it was time to go on her lunch break, and she wanted to hurry up and get back there before Linda came up looking for her. Kim flashed her patient a smile, and an apologetic look.

"I've got to go take my lunch break, but I'll be back. Thank you, again." She truly didn't expect a response, but found herself all the more intrigued with his gesture of cooperation just now. What else was the man capable of?

As she expected, he didn't respond, only watching as she thanked him again and left the room. And then Michael was alone again, the dirty act that had occurred just minutes before, completely covered up and hidden from anyone who might look in on him while she was on her lunch break. Even Dr. Loomis probably would have been fooled by how well Kim had cleaned him up. He was once again the non-speaking, non-moving, supposedly catatonic patient who was perhaps the most well-known patient of Smith's Grove, for more reasons than one.

Without Kim in the room, he had once again turned his attention to the wall, staring as if he could see beyond it. His thoughts unknown to all but himself, he lay there, the only motion being the slow rising and lowering of his chest. Was he thinking about his first hand job or was he thinking about how glad he was that Kim had left him alone again? Or maybe he was thinking about his past, his time as a child, those first six years and his only six years outside of Smith's Grove?

The mind of Michael Myers was a mystery to all. All except Dr. Loomis, who seemed completely convinced that Michael was the most evil thing to ever walk the Earth and thought anyone who didn't believe him was ignorant and foolish. But even Loomis didn't know of Michael's exact thoughts. No amount of time spent with Michael could allow anyone to know those things. Loomis might have thought Michael was a deranged killer, might have been able to see it in his eyes, but it must have bothered even Loomis at times that Michael never spoke and never revealed exactly what he had on his mind.

And so Michael continued laying there staring, simply waiting for Kim to return. Waiting to see what might happen next with her or what she might say next to him, not that he had much other choice. When you didn't speak or move, your choices were very limited. Other people made choices for you and they hoped that you'd like it, because if you didn't? Tough shit. Though it'd be hard to believe that he hadn't liked her choices at least a little, so far.

Kim hurried to the break room, not at all surprised to see Linda already there half way through her meal. Kim hadn't packed anything to eat, and while she wasn't hungry and would much rather be back in the room with Michael, she walked over to the vending machine and selected a bag of chips, and poured herself a cup of coffee and went to sit by Linda. Linda swallowed her bite of ham sandwich as Kim sat down, looking up at her.

"You seem better, Hurst," Linda said, her half-eaten sandwich forgotten as she focused in on Kim. "Ol' Mikey cheer you up?" She reached for her can of Coke, taking a sip as she waited for Kim to answer her.

"I think just being out of the apartment and having the chance to clear my head helped. And you know, you were right when you said there was no point in crying over him. He's not worth it." Kim took a sip of her coffee, and opened her bag of chips, trying not to seem as if she were rushed.

"Guys like Drew definitely aren't worth crying over, especially when you have guys like Donny around," Linda replied, smirking at the thought of Donny. "I still don't really understand what you saw in Drew. I mean, look at a guy like Donny. He's the type of guy I could see making you happy. I'm probably starting to sound like a broken record here, but you really should consider giving him a shot. I'm certain you wouldn't regret it."

Linda took another bite of her ham sandwich as Kim digested what Linda had just said, licking at her fingers as a bit of mustard was forced out of the bread when she bit down.

Kim couldn't help but chuckle a little at the mention of Donny. She shook her head, reaching for a chip. "No, I've told you before. I'm not interested in Donny. He's got to be pushing forty, anyway. I'm thinking, maybe I shouldn't rush right back out there, maybe take some time to really figure out what I want before I try to hop right back in the saddle." She took another sip of coffee, trying to quickly steer the topic away from Donny before Linda could start in on how awesome his car was and how he'd treat her like a queen.

"Donny's only 37. Plus he has that awesome Shelby. Seriously, Kim, broaden your horizons. Not every guy you date has got to be some asshole who loves walking around trying to make sure all eyes are on him and his hairy man-cleavage thinking that he's a big shot because he happened to be published for writing a book of some sensitive poetry that quite frankly, blew. What good did he ever really do you? Hell, if you think about it, all he did was waste your time. You could have devoted that time to way better things, other guys included." Linda was more right than she knew, Kim thought, merely nodding as she crunched her way through another couple of chips, eyes flickering over to the clock, willing it to move faster.

"Well, if I do change my mind, you'll be the first to know, don't worry. Although, don't hold your breath, I've told you I'm not interested in dating a guy almost old enough to be my dad. You are right though, I should start devoting my time to better things than guys like Drew." Linda laughed a little at Kim's comparison of Donny to her father.

"You know what they say about age and sex. Older guys tend to know more about how to satisfy a woman. Plus, he's pretty well set financially. Younger guys aren't very well established. When they're a little older, they tend to wise up about those kinds of things." Linda shrugged her shoulders. "Well, if you do change your mind about Donny, you'd better do so quickly. A guy like that? I'm sure he won't be available for long. He's the kind of guy who has more women

looking at him than he even realizes."

She finished off her sandwich, balling up the foil and taking another sip of her Coke before changing the subject.

"So, have you thought anymore about paying Drew back for all of his kindness? Surely you have something in mind that you'd like to do to the prick."

"They say the best revenge is to live a good life. That's what I want, honestly. I don't want to stoop to his level." Kim finished her chips, wadding up the bag and taking another long sip of coffee before heading over to the the garbage can and then to wash her hands.

Linda eyes flicked to the clock, and then back to Kim "Hey, what's your hurry? If I didn't know any better, I'd swear maybe you enjoy sitting in that room watching paint dry. I don't think I've ever seen you so anxious to get back to work. Live a little. After all, Mikey will be right where you left him, promise. Unless he decided to maybe tour Europe on a bike or see the coast. He's such an ambitious guy after all, a real mover and shaker."

"I need to go get a couple of things from the supply room. Running out of alcohol wipes in there. Plus, I have to give him that injection here pretty soon, and I wanted to at least give him a chance to wake up for that. Doesn't seem right to just go in there and stick him, you know?"

"I guess," Linda replied. "I'm not sure he cares either way. He might prefer to just keep sleeping. I think I would, but hey, what would I know. Look at the vast array of alternatives he has. So many choices. Like staring at the wall or at the ceiling. How does he ever decide, when they both sound so exciting?"

"I'll see you later, Linda. Try not to work too hard or anything." Kim gave her a quick wave, and made her way back up to the front.

Linda snickered, and decided to let her go without further prodding, although she still wondered why Kim seemed so anxious to return to what she thought was an incredibly boring, although easy assignment. Shrugging, she looked at the clock, lit up another cigarette and reached for the paper.

As she expected, he was awake and looking towards the door, as if he'd anticipated her return by a few moments. Perhaps it was just her, but she felt like he was happy to see her return. Kim closed the door carefully, and went to his bedside and gently touched his arm.

"You planning on staying up all night with me, and sleeping for Cheryl again in the morning, Michael? I have to say Im flattered, that you seem to enjoy my company so much."

Of course he didn't reply, and she by now understood that he wasn't likely to speak to her ever, no matter how comfortable he felt with her. She guessed that perhaps he couldn't, for whatever reason. If groaning was the best he could manage, she'd take that. At least she knew now that if he desired he could communicate with her, if only

through his limited means. Kim was honestly starting to find his silence endearing, in a strange way. While he certainly couldn't tell her what was on his mind in so many words, he had his ways, and she was getting better and better at deciphering them. Or at least she liked to believe that she was.

She gave him a soft pat, and he twitched slightly beneath her touch. Kim smiled slightly, and gave him a light, reassuring squeeze.

"It really does seem like a shame, Michael. I know what you did, but that was a long time ago. Makes me wonder what anyone hoped to accomplish, how it benefits anyone to keep you locked up in here away from everything. Seems almost criminal, really." She leaned in a little closer, and he blinked slowly, eyes still focused softly on her. "For that matter, I wonder exactly what Loomis is thinking with all of this. Why bother with all of it? You've been in here longer than you've been out. You've done nothing in all that time to suggest you're any sort of danger to anyone. Why go to the trouble of sending you away, when it's obvious that you need care, not to be put away somewhere even worse than this to slowly rot." Pity and anger tinged her voice, as she mulled the unfairness of it all.

Michael seemed absolutely unconcerned however, as if the mention of his plight did nothing to upset him whatsoever. To her it seemed as if he cared so little about it that he was surprised she found anything about it tragic in the slightest. He'd had a long time to sit and think, and she supposed he'd come to terms with the idea he wasn't ever going to leave.

And at her words, he only continued to sit, thinking about who knew what. Her, her words and the events connected to them, or perhaps something else entirely. If the possibility that he was going to be locked up somewhere even worse than Smiths Grove bothered him in even the slightest way, he didn't show it. Surely he understood the circumstances. He seemed to understand a great deal more than one might expect from him. Yet he was completely complacent, at least physically. He didn't cry. He didn't seem nervous. He didn't even try to stand up to possibly try to escape. It seemed unlikely that he could be happy about it either. Who could be happy about a future like that looming ahead of them, a future stuck behind concrete and steel with even less freedom than he already had.

Kim wondered if he really even understand what this upcoming court date meant for him or if he even knew it was coming up at all. She was pretty sure no one had even bothered to tell him, honestly. Something inside her thought Loomis had probably had declined to inform him, given his extreme desire to make sure that Michael made it there. He'd probably see it as giving what he considered a dangerous patient an edge, and had withheld the information accordingly. After all, as the saying went, knowledge was power.

And she thought he deserved to know.

"You know you're going to court next week? Has Dr. Loomis told you?" The blankness of his face seemed almost mask like to Kim, he gave utterly no indication if this was news to him. He didn't tilt his head, groan, or even blink as she spoke, only staring at her face, fixed on her eyes. It was like trying to tell an animal about something, except unlike an animal, he probably understood her. There was no sadness or anger though. No emotion at all, something she'd

grown quite used to with him. Moments like that made it seem quite clear why he'd been classified as catatonic.

At first glance, it would be an easy mistake to make. Plus there were those incredibly high doses of Thorazine that Loomis had prescribed him. But that was still a whole other mystery on its own. Why did Loomis think Michael was so dangerous that he needed to be given enough Thorazine to bring down a horse? He had killed his sister, but he'd only been six years old and hadn't shown any signs of violence since then.

Even though he showed no interest whatsoever, she couldn't help but continue, thinking he deserved to know even if he wasn't going to respond. Kim felt he at least deserved to know what was waiting for him, and while he was taciturn she was fairly certain he could understand her words.

"Michael, you're going to court next week, and depending on what happens during your hearing you're more than likely going to be leaving here. I'm not sure if you understand this or not, but you turned twenty-one last week, and now you can be tried for what happened all those years ago. Dr. Loomis is going to testify, and he's going to be pushing for you to be convicted. If that happens, you're not coming back. They're going to send you somewhere else, somewhere worse than Smith's Grove, and I have no idea when or if you'll ever be released." Kim watched him carefully as she gave her simplified, condensed explanation of what was going to happen next week. He did blink that time, just once, but that was all. Whether or not he knew of or understood what court was was unknown. It was unlikely that he received any information from any of the other nurses about the wide world beyond these walls.

He continued watching her, as if waiting for her to move on something more interesting, though Michael not finding his own future interesting was hard to believe. In a way, it was as if he might expect to be found innocent, as if he wasn't even remotely worried about Loomis and his plans. There was no way anyone could know something like that for sure though. Sure, maybe the court would take pity on a catatonic man who'd spent the past fifteen years behind white walls without so much as uttering a word and take mercy on him, but Loomis also had a way with words. There was also no denying that he had a pretty strong case when you factored in Michael's utter lack of progress in any area along with the murder of his sister. No, she knew Loomis would likely get what he'd been gunning for over the past eight years, to put his patient away for good.

"Do you understand any of this, Michael? it's a big deal, a very big deal." Kim's voice rose slightly, as he regarded her with an air utterly devoid of concern. "You've been here for fifteen years, and while that's quite a long time, you could be looking at spending the rest of your life in prison. At least here you're taken care of, but I don't think that'll be the case if you do wind up in the penitentiary."

Michael only continued to stare, blinking slightly after a moment. He still seemed indifferent to the news of his future, as if he was just passing time until it was time to go to court. Would he be like that no matter where he ended up? If he were in prison, would he continue to just stare most of the time, unmoving? While she now knew he was capable of more than he might let on, she'd also seen how still he

could be too, how convincing.

"He's going to do the best he can to try to convince the judge you belong in prison, I'm sure of it. I heard talk, and that seems to be exactly what he's angling for. Don't you understand that? Don't you care at all? You can sit there and act for all the world like you don't hear or understand me, but I know you do. Don't you care in the slightest about any of this?"

Still no concern registered in his eyes and Kim sighed, giving up trying to explain the gravity of the situation to her patient for the time being. He either truly didn't care, or he wasn't going to let on if he did. His apathy was somehow even more frustrating because Kim knew that while he wasn't going to exactly open up and discuss the situation with her, she had learned by now he had his own way of responding to her. It baffled and frustrated her, however she couldn't help but reach for his right hand and give it a quick squeeze.

He looked down slightly as she squeezed his hand and then returned his gaze to her face, still not reacting in any real way. No amount of words from her would change that, that was apparent. She couldn't sit there trying to coax him into opening up to her. There wasn't enough time for that.

She stayed that way for some time though, mulling over his situation, and found herself only more determined to make sure his last few days in Smith's Grove were as pleasant as she could possibly make them. Kim glanced up at the clock, surprised to see how quickly the time had passed. She needed to go ahead and give him his Thorazine, before she forgot again. Kim went ahead and prepared what had been customary for her, and returned to her patient efficiently delivering the dose, and dutifully logging that she'd done so.

He only continued watching her as she moved back and forth across the room in the process of giving him his injection. Her shift was almost over again and, in a way, so was his. His shift with her. Their nights spent together. The final dose of Thorazine was an indication of that every morning and it was once again time for another nurse to come it as he spent the day dazed, staring and sleeping as the other nurses sat in with him, reading their books, magazines, and newspapers or knitting.

"Well, Michael," Kim then said, "it looks like it's almost time for me to head home again. I'm sorry. I will be back though. I promise you that. Maybe we can find a way to pass the time together again tonight. Have a good day, okay?" He'd already closed his eyes though, and appeared for all the world to be fast asleep.

Kim again silently marveled at how he seemed to be able to just turn himself off, almost like a radio or television. He could go from watching her intently one moment to feigning a deep sleep merely seconds later. It was pretty impressive she had to admit, and extremely well timed for not moments later the door swung open to reveal Cheryl, ready for another uneventful morning with Michael.

Kim couldn't help but smile slightly as she exchanged greetings with her relief. If only Cheryl truly knew just how eventful her time with their patient had been. But that was, and would remain, between her

and Michael.

6. October 25th, 1978 - Wednesday: Part I

Kim had thought ahead this time, not only bringing her knitting and a magazine along for her shift. She'd also secreted a change of panties and a couple of packaged moist towelettes in her purse. It was always good to be prepared, however she wasn't sure whether or not she'd be needing them. She figured she'd find out soon enough though, and either way she felt well equipped for the night ahead.

"Hey Kim," Cheryl said, looking up from her book as the door swung open. "How are you doing?"

"Doing well, ready for another quiet evening. How is he?" She replied, setting her purse down and giving her patient a quick glance. Fast asleep as always, although she found herself wondering if he were truly out like a light or if he preferred to wait for her arrival to bother stirring.

"Same as always. We had a good day. Dr. Loomis came by a few hours ago, but other than that it's been pretty uneventful. I guess he was making sure Michael hadn't decided to make a break for it or something. Sometimes I don't understand the man's fixation on him, honestly. He went on to me for about ten minutes about how I needed to continue to remain ever vigilant, especially now that the hearing is drawing so close. I mean, come on, Kim. You've spent the last two nights in here with him, do you think he's a flight risk or something? The poor thing sleeps around the clock, and I don't think I've ever seen him do anything other than sit and stare at the wall even on the rare occasions when he is awake."

"I don't understand it either, honestly. I also don't understand why Dr. Loomis thinks it's necessary to take him out of here and send him somewhere more secure anyway." Kim said, walking over to the chart and giving it a quick once over.

"Beats me. I don't really know why someone who spends the majority of their day sleeping needs a high security facility, but I've heard through the grapevine that Dr. Loomis has been pushing that agenda since practically forever. I don't know, he really seems convinced he's dangerous."

"I know. I had 'the talk' with him the first night." Kim gave a slight roll of her eyes, a little more confident in speaking with Cheryl now that she knew they were all on the same page as far as Loomis's wacky orders were concerned. She wasn't going to tell her about any of the other stuff though, not by a long shot.

"Well, I'd expect it again at some point honestly. Dr. Loomis looked worried, for what I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised if he decides to stop by and have it with you again. I'm a little concerned for him, honestly. He looked really tired, like he hasn't been sleeping well lately."

"I'll keep that in mind. Thanks for the heads up. I'll try to look extra vigilant this evening, in case he shows up."

"Eh, I wouldn't really bother with that. I don't think he'll show

tonight, I'm pretty sure he went home. But I wouldn't be surprised if you do hear from him again before this is all over. Anyway, he's all ready to go for you, have a good evening. Bye, Michael."

Cheryl grabbed her purse and headed out the door, closing it quietly behind her, and no sooner had the knob clicked then those eyes were open and fixated on her.

'Evening, Michael. How are you doing?'

He just stared as usual as she spoke to him, and she had no idea if whether or not that in was meant to be some kind of greeting or response. Michael stared. Kim was used to it by now so it didn't really bother her but she couldn't help but try to read into it somewhat. As she moved across the room, he didn't just follow her with his eyes as he usually did, this time he'd also turned his head just slightly towards her. She watched with a bit of fascination, definitely noticing changes in his demeanor. His eyes seemed a little less vacant this evening certainly and maybe she was reading too much into it, but for a moment she almost thought there was definitely someone at home in there, despite the analogy Linda had used several times to describe him.

'I guess I'm doing better today. Somewhat. I'll get over it. No sense in crying over a man that's not worth my time anyway.' Kim smiled slightly at him, still wondering how much of what she was saying even registered with him. Of course he made no move to either interrupt or confirm he was listening, as usual, so she continued.

"Sometimes I wish more guys were like you. Call me crazy, but you don't pretend to be all sensitive and nurturing and then back away like you've been splashed with hot grease at the mere mention of taking things to another level. You also don't talk my ear off about how your latest stupid poem 'is really gonna make a difference out there, you just know it', or bore me with your take on politics. You don't play stupid head games, either. What I see is what I get with you. I sort of like that. It's kind of refreshing."

Michael continued to stare, and to a casual observer he seemed for all the world utterly unconcerned about anything she was saying to him. Kim liked to think she wasn't just a casual observer any more at this point though, so she wondered if it went a little deeper than that. Michael was terribly hard to read, but she thought she was getting a little better at it. Besides, it wasn't like he could talk anyway, so what could he really do other than stare at her? The fact that he even bothered to look at her must have meant something. She also noticed that it seemed like he was blinking a little faster than he had before.

Maybe he wasn't as severely catatonic as he was made out to be, not naturally anyway. It had to just be all that Thorazine Loomis had prescribed him. She'd even taken a peek at the medication reference manual up at the nurse's station before coming to his room this evening, and she'd seen that the use of antipsychotics like Thorazine were known to exacerbate catatonia to the point where the patient could do nothing more than lie in bed intubated anyway. Kim shuddered at the thought, and found herself wondering why Loomis would want something like that for Michael. It angered her, and made her even more glad that she'd scaled the doses back.

Although he still didn't move much it was definitely an improvement, she thought. And who knew, maybe by the time he left Smith's Grove, she'd have him talking too. Well perhaps that was a bit ambitious, but she could dream, anyway. She'd already made him do some other things after all, she thought naughtily, things he probably didn't even know he could do. After all, he'd never had someone touch him in that way. She'd given him what could be interpreted as a gift. His cock was the nicely wrapped package and she'd opened it up for him in a very messy way.

Kim continued to watch him, more sure than ever that there was something working behind those eyes. Slowly perhaps, and functioning on a lower level maybe for the moment, but there was definitely something there. It excited her, and made her wonder if maybe coming prepared had been a very good idea indeed. She was sure he didn't hate what she'd done for him the night before, and while the ability he had to consent still nagged at her she couldn't help but want to push the envelope a little further and see what she might be able to get out of him. The idea that maybe he wasn't naturally so unresponsive also intrigued her. Since she'd skipped one dose entirely, and only given him a little over half before she'd went off shift that morning it would be a good time to test that theory.

But how to go about it? As much as Kim liked to talk to him, didn't mind using him as a sounding board, and was always careful to tell him before she did anything that involved her touching him in a more... clinical fashion, she'd been as tight-lipped as he was regarding her unorthodox activities for fear of discovery as well as some slight embarrassment on her part. She didn't want to offer to jerk him off in the same saccharine tone she used when telling him it was time for his medicine, or informing him the breakfast tray would be brought soon.

So what to do then? Kim continued to watch him for a little longer, when an idea came to her. She came a bit closer to the bed, and without warning sat down on the edge, only a few inches away from him. Shifting a little to make sure he had a good view of what she was about to do, she parted her legs slightly, and wriggled a bit while tugging the hem of her uniform skirt up to reveal white cotton panties beneath. She paused for a moment, searching his eyes for any signs of interest.

He again slightly moved his head, his eyes completely focused on the white cotton exposed as she lifted her skirt. Kim couldn't help but wonder if maybe he did remember the other night, and what she'd done. She almost would swear that he did, and maybe he wanted more. Kim smiled at the way he stared so intently, as if he had x-ray vision and could see right through the cloth. As she contemplated showing him a little more, he suddenly lifted his arm and moved a finger towards the panties, stopping just short of them and then dropping his hand back to the mattress. Kim watched in stunned disbelief. It was almost a miracle in a way. The sight of her panties had caused him to move more on his own than he probably ever had in the past fifteen years.

As Kim continued to watch in amazement, he parted his lips slightly as he continued to regard her, as if he was deeply concentrating on something. She almost wondered for a moment if he was trying to say something, but he remained mute, and just continued to stare in fascination. Yeah, she'd say now that he definitely remembered the

night before, and if he could move more there was no telling what else he might do. She looked down and noticed he was starting to get hard too, his cock poking up slightly underneath the covers, erasing any lingering doubt she might have had about her actions affecting him in that way.

Fascinated, she hiked the skirt a little higher, and spread a little wider to give him a better view, wondering if he'd try to touch her again. Her heart pounded, and truthfully something else of hers was pounding too. Kim spread her legs even wider for his perusal, and after a couple of seconds she braced herself on the bed with one hand propped on the mattress behind him, brushing against his leg and hooked the fingers of her right hand into the crotch of her panties. She tugged them slightly to the side to give him a sight she was sure he'd probably never seen before.

Kim held the fabric to the side for a little longer before proceeding, just to be sure he'd gotten a good look at what had to be something novel for him, before slowly inserting a finger into herself, not really surprised that she was already getting wet. Truth be told, now that she was almost certain he not only had no objections but seemed to almost be urging her to continue the way he'd tried to touch her she felt much more confident and relaxed. She slid her finger in a little deeper, before withdrawing it slightly, only to push it in a little harder and further, eyes riveted on him as she did.

His cock only got harder under the covers as she drove that finger into her wet slit. It was definitely nothing he'd ever had the chance to see before and who knew what kind of thoughts were coursing through his mind as he continued watching her. Kim wondered if he had any idea about what could else could be done to that part of her, and how good it could feel for both of them. Of course he wouldn't know from first-hand experience, but she couldn't think of how else he could know either. It seemed highly unlikely that Dr. Loomis bothered explaining the birds and the bees to his star patient.

Michael suddenly lifted his hand again, slowly moving it towards her own hand that was busy pumping away at her slit, his fingertips lightly touching the back of her hand as he stared up at her with those dark eyes of his, as focused on her face as he'd been on her pussy. He was as hard as ever despite the fact that she had not touched him at all, further reassuring her that he was very interested in what she was offering. He managed to keep his hand raised that time, fingers pressing a little more firmly against the back of her hand as he looked back at what she was doing, his mouth still slightly open, like a child on Christmas morning.

Kim was unable to prevent herself from twitching a little as he touched the back of her hand, as that very light, almost-not-there-at-all touch tickled, but smiled a little wider in return. She didn't want to scare him or make him think she disapproved, after all. She even broke her silence to whisper a little encouragement, just to be sure he knew she was okay with the touching and wasn't going to slap his hand away or anything.

Besides feeling almost embarrassingly turned on by this, she also felt a sense of accomplishment here. In just a couple of days she'd been able to get more out of him than she'd ever thought possible. She didn't even dread coming into work to sit with him anymore, in

fact, she actually looked forward to it now knowing that he was definitely on board with what she offered. Kim continued to pump her finger in and out of her wet entrance, before adding another finger and watching him watch her with what appeared to be utter fascination. She sneaked a look at the sheet, and smiled even more as she noticed the very apparent seal of his approval there under the thin white sheets. That sealed it for her. She hadn't even touched him, had only showed him her snatch and played with herself, and he was reacting.

He let out another one of his almost-groans, moving his fingertips up her hand and lightly touching her pussy himself, at least what he could reach of it around her own hand. He didn't rub or prod at it, but just held his fingers there, the first he'd ever seen or touched. As he continued to indicate under the sheet in the way that he couldn't vocally, he definitely liked it. Slowly he started to rub his finger up and down along one lip of her pussy, watching his actions almost as if hypnotized.

Kim thought about it as he continued to touch, realizing it wouldn't be easy to explain if someone else suddenly entered the room in the middle of all of this. "Why is your skirt up and why is he touching you like that?" Michael certainly wouldn't be able to move his hand away fast enough to pretend they were doing nothing, nor would either of them really be able to cover up the bulge under the covers.

But now that she was without a doubt sure he was indeed willing and interested in continuing, she had an idea. True, he wouldn't be able to move his hand away quickly enough should the door open, and he likely wouldn't even understand why he should. He wouldn't understand why they needed to be secretive, and she didn't want to risk being caught. However she could think of something she could show him she was sure he'd like, plus she was sure that this alternate act would be much easier to cover up should she have to do so quickly. The hard on itself was really not too big of a deal, and easily explained away if necessary, but sitting spread-legged on his bed letting him touch her pussy while she finger fucked herself was not something so easy to wave away.

Mind made up, she very slowly brought the hand she'd braced against the bed with and very gently took his hand and moved it away from her slit.

"No, it's okay. You did fine, it's okay. But watch." she whispered, before climbing down from the bed, and instead reaching over to tug the sheet down, and move his gown out of the way to expose his hardness. She shimmed her skirt back down to a more appropriate position, and after straightening herself out should anyone walk in she glanced at the door and leaned closer to his cock, delicately flicking her tongue against the head of it, and watching for his reaction to it before continuing. She didn't want to scare him, and she was sure it was likely very confusing for him even if he did like and want the attention. Kim flicked her tongue a little slower the second time, letting it linger a little longer, still watching him.

Michael groaned softly, the sound now unmistakable to her, his eyes focused on his cock as they'd been the other night. His hand lay still on the bed again, although his breath hitched at her flicking, a little pre cum awarding her for her attentions. He opened his mouth

a little wider as his breathing got heavier, his hand twitching lightly, obviously having never known pleasure like he was currently experiencing. He didn't touch her again though, seeminly content to let her work.

She was sure he wasn't going to last very long, after all it was definitely something new to him to be toyed with in such ways. He closed his eyes, his breathing still heavy and she watched in fascination as his hand still occasionally twitched. There was no doubt in her mind that Michael was quite obviously enjoying what she was doing to him.

Encouraged, she opened her mouth wider herself and slowly took his meat into her mouth, and began to suck, reaching with her free hand to stroke along the shaft remaining outside her mouth. His breath hitched sharply then, and she started to slowly bob on his length, still sucking and rolling her tongue. No, she didn't think he'd last very long at all, not the way this was going. She could already taste more of that salty precursor to other things, and figured it wouldn't be too much longer before he finished. Kim continued her ministrations, flicking her eyes back to watch his face before returning her sights to the job in front of her.

The nurse felt rather pleased with herself for thinking of this solution. Not only could she very quickly pull off of him if she had to and yank the sheet back up, she'd been able to remain clothed and to top it all off when she managed to bring him around she wouldn't even have a mess to clean up afterwards. It was pretty much perfect, although she couldn't help but wish there was a way to let him touch and explore more than she'd briefly allowed him to earlier. Kim felt like she did owe him a little more of that honestly, because god knew when he left here he'd never see it again. In fact, she knew that she was the first woman he'd ever been able to enjoy, and would almost certainly be the last as well. As far as she knew, it wasn't very likely there would be anyone where he was going to take care of him in this particular manner anyway.

Breathing even heavier as she bobbed away on his cock, his eyes flickered open again watching as his cock slid in and out of her warm mouth. Michael suddenly lifted his hand again and slowly, almost shakily, moved it towards her, lightly touching her cheek that time, eyes wide and focused on her face.

Michael then went over the edge, cumming hard in her mouth, spurting more of that hot, white seed, giving her what was her true first taste of him. He gripped at the sheets with his other hand, huffing slightly. His other hand fell away from her face back to the mattress as he finished, his other hand releasing the sheets. She'd opened his package again.

Kim continued to suck a little longer to be sure she'd gotten it all, and then swallowed, pulling away and licking her lips. The way he'd reached for her face touched her in both the literal and figurative senses, and in return she bent to press a tiny kiss to the head of his cock before gently pulling his gown back into place and straightening the sheets back over him.

Licking her lips once more, just to be sure she'd missed nothing, she smiled back down at him, silently reaching to pat him on the arm in approval. He'd done well, and she wanted him to know that. His

silence had really proven an asset here in this risky game she played, and she found herself thankful that she didn't need to worry about anything more than a soft, occasional almost-groan from him. It made her feel that much more bold, as well. As long as she was somewhat stealthy, and he continued to be cooperative, which she had no doubt he would, there was a lot of things she could show him.

His mouth slowly began to close, his breathing already having returned to normal. His head turned again to keep his eyes on her, his cock going down again after that new experience. Perhaps he didn't entirely understand what she was doing to him, but he certainly wasn't any worse off from it. If another nurse or doctor or even Loomis himself had come in at that point, they wouldn't have even the slightest idea of what had just occurred a moment before. He hadn't even broken a sweat from her sucking. She wasn't willing to speak about their special relationship and he was unable to speak about it.

She gave him another reassuring pat, even though he didn't seem to be bothered in the least by what she'd done. Even if he'd liked it, and she knew now that he did, she figured it was probably confusing. He'd done well though, she thought, and she'd managed to elicit more from him than she was sure anyone else here had been able to. Her mind jogged ahead, wondering what else she could do to encourage him. Oh, there were plenty of things that came to mind, of course, but she wondered if maybe she shouldn't give him a rest, and recover a little before she tried anything else.

"I'm about to go on break now, Michael. I'll be back shortly. Get some rest, and maybe when I come back, I'll have something else new for you. How does that sound?" She didn't even wait for a reply, already knowing there wouldn't be one. In a way she found his inability or unwillingness to speak almost somewhat endearing. As she'd said, after her experience with Drew it was almost kind of refreshing to be able to interact with a man that couldn't go on and on about something forcing her to look interested and nod approvingly even when she didn't care in the slightest about what he was telling her. That definitely would never be a problem with Michael. Half the time she wasn't sure whether or not he understood anything she said, let alone thought he'd be able to process a response.

Kim straightened the sheet a little, again marveling at how quickly he'd managed to appear back to normal after what they'd just done. Again that encouraged her, it was almost as if he was trying to keep their secret in his own way, without even having to be prompted. Kim liked that, the idea that he'd obviously liked what they did together well enough to want to protect it to ensure he'd continue to receive her favors.

She was about to turn away from him and go have her lunch when he did something else new for her. He closed his eyes, and although that in itself wasn't particularly noteworthy, she couldn't help but feel it was in response to what she'd just said. He'd not complied immediately, but it had been quickly enough after her words that she wondered again just how much he understood. She almost said something to him, but decided not to bother him, and instead left for the breakroom even though more questions seemed to arise in her regarding her patient.

7. October 25th, 1978 - Wednesday: Part II

"Well, someone looks much happier this evening, like they might have gotten over a certain douche bag fairly quickly. What's the story, Hurst?" Linda had already finished her lunch and was busy puffing away on a Benson and Hedges when Kim took her seat at the table and popped open a Fresca.

"God, Linda, would it kill you to blow your smoke the other way? I'm about to eat. Some people don't sneak off ten minutes before they're scheduled for break and stay gone an extra five, after all." Kim made a face and waved her hand dramatically to disguise the momentary surprise Linda's comment had inspired in her. There was no possible way she knew. None. Nada. Zilch. But how did she almost always manage to be so on the money with things? Kim would ask, but that would only encourage her to probe deeper.

"Whatever. Like I've said, when you've been here as long as I have, you'll figure it out. Besides, Keats has been missing in action this evening. I'm wondering if she hasn't been hitting the bottle again, honestly." Linda replied, taking an extra long drag and blowing it directly at Kim. Kim replied with the stink eye and scooted further down. "Oh, I'm just messing with you, god. I'll blow it the other way. You don't have to be so dramatic."

Kim opened her yogurt, ignoring Linda for the moment. Her mind was still racing with the idea that unlike Michael, her face must be giving something away, and it worried her a bit. The last thing she needed was Linda hot on her trail, speculating on what she might be doing to make her forget about the implosion of her relationship with Drew.

"Hey, seriously, I said I'll stop. Don't be like that." Linda crushed the cigarette out with about an inch to go and leaned in devilishly. "So, you never answered me. Did you take my advice and call up that guy Donny over in billing?"

"No, I did not call up Donny. Jesus, Linda, what do you take me for? Donny's got to be pushing forty. What would I do with him, go out and catch the senior special at Bob Evans?" Kim rolled her eyes, as Linda sighed in a rather dramatic fashion herself.

"Donny's only 37. Plus he has that awesome Shelby."

"Yeah well, if you think Donny is so great, why don't you call him up?" Kim retorted, as Linda fished out another cigarette, apparently not planning on going back to work anytime soon.

"Maybe I will, come to think of it. That car is pretty awesome. Better than that ugly scarf Drew was wearing the other day when I saw him sitting out in front of the Hard Eight trying to look enlightened and pretentious all at the same time. Did he borrow it from you, Kim?" Kim couldn't help but choke on her drink at that last dig at Drew, before setting it down and shaking her head incredulously.

"Seriously, Linda, just stop it. Okay? Seriously. I don't want to hear about Donny. I especially don't want to hear about Drew. I just want to eat my lunch and get back to work."

"What for? I told you, Keats has pretty much holed herself up in her office. Seen her maybe twice all night. I really think she's got a couple bottles of Ripple stashed somewhere back there. She should share with the less fortunate."

"You're just impossible, Linda. Really. So far you've managed to accuse our boss of being a closet drinker, said I should date some guy because he has a fast ride, and managed to mock my ex's fashion sense. Which the last part, I'll admit, was kind of funny, but jeez, don't you ever listen to yourself?"

"What can I say, I speak the truth, Hurst. But seriously, if you're not interested in Donny, I might call him this weekend. See if he wants to go out or something, maybe have a couple drinks, see where it goes."

Kim shrugged.

"Go for it. I won't stop you."

"Still think you're missing out. But you know, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't convince her to date a guy that's not a loser. Probably, anyway. I'll let you know Monday."

"Have fun with that. I hope Donny knows what he's getting into. Poor guy." Kim said, finishing her yogurt and drink and going to toss the remains. Linda gave her a curious look, and pointed to the clock.

"You still have eight minutes." Kim looked up, and sure enough, Linda was right. She wasn't due to go back yet, and had somehow managed to polish off her lunch more quickly than usually. She wasn't sure if it was because she wanted to get away from Linda, or get back to Michael.

"I do. I forgot my knitting in the room, and I sort of made a bet with myself I could finish that last bit of cabling tonight before I'm too tired to concentrate on it. I don't have much else to do in there. Might as well work on my sweater." That was a bald face lie, Kim hadn't as much as picked up her needles this evening, but Linda certainly knew that. Besides, it sounded better than saying she wanted to get back in there to do more unspeakable things with her charge.

"Well, at least you got yourself an easy week. You probably deserve it more than a lot of people around here I could name. Can you believe Melcher asked for and got the whole week off? After only a little over six months here? Pisses me off. I can't believe Keats let her do that."

"Well, didn't you say Nurse Keats hasn't been wandering the ward snapping the whip today? Maybe she's slipping or something. Or Lillie had a good reason for needing to take off. Who knows. But I'm gonna get back in there and get back to work." Kim started for the door as Linda shrugged and continued to smoke, obviously not worried about being back to the desk any time soon.

"Okay. Well, tell Mikey hi for me. Or don't. He won't know the difference anyway. I want to see that sweater when you get done, too." Kim nodded, and left, hoping Linda was too busy running through

the pros and cons of a date with Donny or stewing at Lillie for having taken off to come to the room later. Honestly, she didn't think she had to worry too much about that. Linda tended to be pretty lazy, when she wasn't busy gossiping or ducking into the break room.

The news that Nurse Keats wasn't out circulating the ward as usual was also welcome. Kim didn't know if Linda was onto something or not regarding their boss's possible relapse, but knowing Linda she might very well be. As infuriating as she could be, she had a knack of often proving to be right even when it seemed impossible. All the more reason that she was glad Linda hadn't continued to probe her. Of course, none of Linda's wild stories that somehow turned out to be true were as out there as what she'd been doing. She supposed she'd better come up with some sort of story to explain her apparent lack of moping over Drew and fast, just in case though.

Michael seemed to be dozing again as she walked in, carefully shutting the door behind her. As quiet as she tried to be, his eyes fluttered open and almost immediately fixed on her and for a moment she wondered if he'd ever really been sleeping at all, or if he'd just been laying quietly with his eyes closed waiting for her to come back.

"You awake?" She asked, his eyes opening a little wider, as if in response. Kim knew that she'd have to 'give' him his dose of Thorazine shortly, and decided to just get it over with for now. She figured he'd done fine the night before on none after she came back from lunch, and a little more than half right before she was due to go off, so she decided to replicate that schedule.

She went through the movements that had become familiar to her even over the last couple of days, filling the syringe, shooting it into the trash can, throwing in a couple of paper towels to help conceal what the trash already in the can might not before ditching the syringe into the sharps container. She paused to tear open an alcohol swab and toss the package in the trash to further add to the illusion, before dutifully pre-logging that she'd given him his injection. He watched with something she would almost call an air of gratefulness had it been worn by someone easier to read than Michael as she signed the log, and replaced it.

"See, all done. Not so bad, after all. Good job." She said, if only to keep in line with the idea that she'd already gone ahead and stuck him. Kim was getting slightly better at interpreting those glances he gave, at least she thought so and the one he gave the trash can and then her seemed almost co-conspiratorial, as if to say 'Don't worry. I won't tell anyone'.

Kim wasn't going to bother with taping a piece of gauze over the usual injection site until she actually gave him the one scheduled at five, but she decided to go ahead and do so just for the sake of keeping the story as straight as possible. While she was more sure than ever those drugs were not doing a thing to help him, and were in fact hindering any progress he might ever hope to make, she was well aware of the fact that she'd without a doubt be dismissed should anyone find out she had not really been giving him his Thorazine as prescribed.

She returned to the cabinet to retrieve the gauze and tore off a

piece of tape, and went back over to the bedside to apply it and keep the illusion as true as possible. Kim reached to gently tug the gown aside to tape the gauze down when suddenly, he twitched, his left arm rising somewhat jerkily, hand outstretched shakily and grasping for her hand. Kim gave a twitch of her own, startled by his sudden movement.

Taking her hand, Michael pulled her closer, his grip firm despite his shakiness, tugging until she was forced to climb on top of him, straddling him with her legs. Releasing her hand, he slowly reached towards her uniform, grabbing at the skirt of her uniform and lifting it, exposed her panties and her partially exposed pussy. Lightly tracing a finger at her slit, his eyes silently fixed on hers, he then grabbed her hips with both hands and started to drag her up, closer to his mouth.

While definitely shocked by his forwardness, and extremely curious about what was going through his mind at the moment she couldn't help but give him a slightly naughty, encouraging look in return. She shifted slightly to make it easier for him, glancing once at the door and then back at him. His grip on her hips was surprisingly tight, and while unexpected it was welcome. Kim wondered exactly what he was planning on doing, wondered if it could be what she was thinking of. Surely not, maybe he just wanted a better look at what she'd shown him earlier. She decided to let him lead this time, out of curiosity.

When she was close enough, he suddenly stuck his tongue out, licking randomly at her slit and clit, much like he'd done with the chocolate bar the day before. His hands remained tight on her hips, tight enough to keep her from easily climbing off of him, but not tight enough to hurt her either. His tongue left saliva on her pussy as he licked, his breathing getting a little heavier as he attempted to drag her open legs even closer to his open mouth.

Kim stilled a groan, biting her tongue and watching in awe as he continued to sweep his tongue across her folds, struggling to pull her closer. She shifted closer again, spreading a little wider for him, her heart pounding as she considered how literally fucked she'd be if anyone were to walk in at this moment. She knew she wouldn't be able to squirm off of him in time, not with that grip, but as he continued to lick and play his tongue over her wetness, she found her worry starting to dissolve, instead bucking slightly against his mouth, pressing even closer.

If Michael had any concern of someone walking in on them, he didn't show it at all, as usual. In fact, as Kim bucked against his mouth, he proceeded to slip his tongue into her wet slit, wiggling it around, also seemingly randomly. He flexed his fingers gently at her hips as he kept his tongue stuffed into her pussy, even pulling her slightly more onto his mouth, before sliding his tongue back out to lick at her clit and slit again, also sucking slightly at her clit with his lips.

She bit her tongue harder and squeezed her eyes closed, breathing hard and heavy as he licked and sucked at her, a small groan escaping her lips despite her best efforts. She eased her hands down, testingly and rested them on his shoulders, squeezing encouragingly as she bucked against him again, feeling that tug in her belly starting to become stronger.

He didn't stop her as she rested her hands on his shoulders, flexing his fingers a little tighter at her hips instead, licking her slit more before shoving his tongue back in, tasting her wetness, wiggling his tongue rapidly inside of her, flicking it all around like a tentacle. His breathing had gotten a little heavier too as he worked more, his eyes still trained on her face.

Though she couldn't see it, an all too familiar bulge had begun to form under the sheet at his crotch. Even if he didn't fully realize what he was doing to her, there was no question about whether or not he was getting any pleasure out of the situation. He certainly was, his cock only getting harder the more he licked and sucked at her wet bits.

Kim whimpered softly, feeling both as if she couldn't take another second of his attentions, and as if she'd die if he stopped now. She rocked back a little more against him, whimpering again and rolling her hips.

"Oh god, please, please don't stop, I'm so close..." she whispered raggedly, finally finding her words. She squeezed a little harder at him as she felt herself being dragged even closer to the edge.

He didn't stop, his mouth like a machine on her pussy, his tongue and lips working rapidly. He gripped his hands even tighter at her hips, as if he knew what was about to happen. As she already knew very well, he might have spent over half of his life locked away in Smith's Grove, but he wasn't stupid, even about things she might not expect him to know of or about.

He kept his eyes locked on her face, his teeth suddenly grazing her slit a few times, almost as if he was trying to let her know that it was okay to go ahead, that he wanted her to. He pressed her even closer to his mouth, slipping his tongue even deeper into her wet slit.

She couldn't take it anymore of it, and with a harsh hiss and gasp she came quick and hard, her pussy contracting on his tongue, her legs shaking like the autumn leaves adorning the trees he hadn't seen in years as he continued to flick at her lips. Kim squirmed, panting softly, trying to wriggle back from his seemingly insatiable appetite, praying he'd release her hips and let her up.

He didn't release her though and instead wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing her even closer as his tongue licked, flicked, and wiggled faster and harder. He seemed to be trying to touch every inch of her pussy, inside and out, as she came. As she whined down, his lips then moved to her clit again, sucking at it more, his arms still clasped firmly around her.

Kim began to buck in earnest, both floored by his tenacity and slightly afraid that he wasn't going to let go. She'd been grabbed before, and had quickly learned to stay far enough back from the patients that exhibited this for her own safety. She'd disregarded that with Michael, and now she wondered if maybe that had not been the best thing to do. She whimpered harder, trying to squirm out of his grasp, and failing, she could do nothing but allow him to continue, feeling her self building again quickly.

Gasping and writhing, she halfheartedly pushed her hands against his shoulders, biting back a sob and came hard for him again. Panting, she redoubled her efforts to push away from him, urging him quietly yet urgently to let her up lest someone walk in on them.

He wouldn't stop though, his cock incredibly hard now under the sheet, his eyes seemingly even more focused on her face as he continued licking away. He had even learned to use his tongue like a spoon in a way, scooping some of her juices into his mouth. His arms got even tighter around her as he nipped lightly at her and began to suck again before sliding his tongue back inside her slit.

She was like a giant chocolate bar for him. A chocolate bar that kept melting into his mouth, but seemed never ending.

Wracked with sensation, and now fear, she urged him more strongly to let her up, almost pleading now. She bit back another gasping sob, and squirmed harder, almost in tears now.

"Michael, please, please stop. Please. Let me up, you've got to stop. Someone could walk in here, and we'd both be in a lot of trouble, Please, please stop." she hissed under her breath, mewling lowly as he found another sensitive spot to tease and torment. Kim shook harder, letting go of his shoulders and grabbing at the sheets instead, where she didn't have to be afraid of leaving a mark or hurting him. She continued to plead, her words slowly giving over into incoherencies as he pulled her over yet again, making her wonder if he'd ever stop, if she'd go mad or die like this, being devoured in the way a greedy child might set upon his haul of Halloween candy.

He still didn't stop, no matter how much begging she did. It was as if he was once again playing the role of a catatonic patient, not responding to her words in any way. He wasn't catatonic though, what he was doing to her proved that very much. He had his tongue shoved deep into her, flicking it wildly, holding her tightly still in his arms to prevent her from fleeing no matter how much she wanted to at that point.

His cock was still hard underneath the sheet, but he didn't even make a move to let her go to get her to help him with that. He just kept working away at her soaking pussy with his tongue, eyes focused intently on her face still, watching her, perhaps studying her. Perhaps wondering just how far he could push the situation.

Kim was little more than a quivering heap now, too overwrought to beg any more, and just lay there occasionally whimpering as she felt herself release again, utterly spent now, and not even trying to convince him to let her go.

Slurping up her latest wave of juices, Michael suddenly slid his tongue back into his mouth and loosed his arms around her, though he still stared up at her. Just as she'd reached a point where she could no longer beg, he'd decided to stop. It was almost like a Chinese finger trap. When you stopped resisting, you were free. And in her case, worn out.

She forced herself to scramble off of him with strength she didn't know she still possessed, panting and gasping, staring at him in disbelief. Taking a step back out of arm's reach, she gaped at him, a

million questions running through her mind. Finally, she settled on one, the most important at the moment.

"Why?" She whispered, still trying to catch her breath. "Why, Michael?"

Of course, much like when she'd been him moments before, he didn't answer, didn't respond in even the faintest way. His eyes were still fixed on her, his lips and the area around his mouth shining with wetness. He didn't even dart his tongue out to lick his lips. He simply watched, as if waiting to see what she might do next.

Her heart still pounding, she regarded him with a new respect. She'd thought him harmless, let her guard down, and for someone who basically had to be spoon fed he'd shown a strength that terrified her. What would she have done if he'd chosen not to let go, for that's what she was sure that had been about. He'd let her go because he was ready to, and not a moment sooner. It had been his choice, and no words or actions on her part had been able to persuade him to do so before he was ready.

As those thoughts ran through her head, he only continued to stare, giving off a vibe of innocence that would be believable if it weren't for the mess around his mouth and his hard cock underneath the sheet, which was slowly going back down like a deflating balloon. He had once again assumed the role of the silent, mostly unmoving patient.

For the first time since she'd taken this assignment, she felt a curl of fear in her stomach. The logical, clinical part of her knew she'd better clean him up and do the best she could to straighten things up before someone walked in, but she found herself slightly afraid to approach him again.

Her eyes flickered to the clock, and she realized that it was only a little past the time for the dose of Thorazine she'd just faked out giving him. Well, he'd be receiving this one definitely, and the full amount as well. She went to the cabinet, loaded the syringe and taking a deep breath she began to approach, quickly giving his already exposed upper arm a quick swab and sticking him, depressing the plunger and withdrawing quickly.

Kim stepped back quickly before he could make a sudden move on her, observing his response to the injection. While his expression had not really changed, and he hadn't as much as twitched during the injection, those eyes were on her again, and she would swear she saw a glimmer of amusement in them, again. As if he knew he'd frightened her, and found it funny. Then they slowly eased down, until they were closed, and Kim stood at arms length for several moments before finally going over to the sink to go about cleaning him up.

With trepidation she began to gingerly clean up the mess, wiping lightly and quickly as if she were touching something hot that might burn her. When she was finished, she dropped the cloth into the linen depository and gave the room a quick once over with disinfectant spray, more for her own peace of mind than anything else.

Michael hadn't moved as much as an inch, and she was pretty certain he was out for the time being. She retreated to her chair, and sat, watching the steady rise and fall of his chest. To look at him now,

it seemed impossible that not ten minutes ago he'd been holding her down while he'd been for all intents set on licking her to the core and then some. Now that she was off of him, on the other side of the room, and calming down, she had to admit that despite everything that had been pretty hot.

She didn't even have time to scold herself for that terrible thought before the door swung open. Jumping a little in her seat, she turned her head to the door and saw none other than Dr. Loomis peeking in at his sleeping patient, before turning his gaze upon her. She gave him a nod before rising from her seat as he entered the room.

Quietly shutting the door behind him, he then spoke softly to her. "Hello, Nurse Hurst. I hope you're doing well this evening. I thought I'd drop by from a quick visit to make sure everything's going okay. You can never be too careful with a patient like this." He looked over at Michael, who was under the covers, softly breathing, looking as if he wouldn't hurt a fly, if he could even move to do such a task. Loomis smiled a little as he saw this, believing that everything was indeed okay before she could even respond to him.

"Everything is fine, I just gave him his dose of Thorazine." Kim replied, now insanely grateful she had indeed given him the full dose only slightly after the scheduled time, and had even had the foresight to log it as being on time earlier. If Loomis should look at his chart, everything would check right out. Thank god for small favors.

"That's excellent. Has he shown any reaction to the medication? Any movement?" Loomis then asked, his eyes back on her. "If he has, we must increase his dosage immediately. Because even the slightest movement on his part could lead to a dangerous downward spiral."

Kim hesitated for a brief second, wondering if she should cop to any movement on his part, without incriminating herself though, obviously. "I did see his hand twitch earlier when I came on, but I don't think it was anything. He was out cold, maybe just a muscle spasm or something. He's been like this the entire shift, though." She said, a little thread of guilt weaving through her both for lying about his condition and the things she'd been doing with him.

For a moment, Loomis didn't say anything, causing her to wonder if he might yell at her, but he then said, "Well, I'm glad you noticed. Small things like that can mean a lot. I'll give him some more Thorazine now and I'll change his chart to a new dosage so you know how much to give him next time. I don't want to scare you, but if you hadn't noticed, it could have led to him harming someone, possibly even you."

"But Dr. Loomis, I literally just gave it to him, should you really give him more right this minute? It's already so high, higher than anything I've ever seen." Kim replied in disbelief, sure that she was about to witness an overdose. "It was just a twitch, nothing major, I probably shouldn't have even mentioned it."

"Oh but you should have mentioned it and it's a good thing you did," he said as he moved towards the counter to get what he needed for the injection. "With...him, even 'just' a twitch can mean a lot. You have to be extremely cautious with him, because if you aren't, he will

take advantage."

Loomis got a syringe and then found the Thorazine, preparing the syringe as he continued speaking. "A few years ago, there was an incident with one of the nurses and another patient here. He was a very violent one who had to be constantly sedated. She lived, fortunately, but she was lucky too. She forgot to give him his medication and then forgot that she forgot. And do you know how he paid her back for her forgetfulness? He tried to rip her eye out with his bare hands. Lucky for her, they were able to quickly stop him. But my point is, I don't want that to be you."

Kim had heard about the incident from her aunt years ago at a family barbecue, although up until now she'd successfully pushed the image of a maniac trying to claw the eyes out of a young woman to the back of her head. She gave Loomis a slight nod for his concern, and watched uneasily as he went to stick Michael.

"I've heard that story, and I appreciate the concern, I just worry about giving him so much in such a short time frame." Kim said quietly, although the damage had already been done, the needle had gone in, and even now Loomis was busy scribbling on his chart. "I don't think a twitching hand is quite as dangerous as trying to pluck out someone's eyes, I'm just saying. I've talked with other staff here, just out of curiosity, and they all swear he's never been violent or anything."

Loomis sighed as he finished writing, before looking back at her and responding with, "The reason he's never been violent is because, so far, despite foolish staff like yourself trying to tell me otherwise, I've been able to keep him on my recommended doses. Without his medication, I can assure you, he would do much worse than try to pluck out your eyes. And he would succeed. The Thorazine is the only thing holding him back at this point. There's no human reasoning left within him. He displayed that when he killed his sister. If he doesn't receive his medication, I am certain he will stop at nothing to get out of here and it does you no good to think otherwise. He's not your friend and he's certainly not safe to be around without the correct precautions. Do you understand, Nurse Hurst?"

"Yes, Dr. Loomis. I understand." She replied, cheeks burning with indignation. Did he just call her a fool? The only foolish thing going on in this room right now that she could see was a lunatic giving a dose of Thorazine that she was fairly certain would take down an elephant. "I'll watch him extra close until then, in case there are any complications. Even you have to admit, that is an incredibly high dose, I wouldn't want him to have a bad reaction to it." Try as she might, she couldn't help but let a little passive aggressiveness slip in there, shocked that the doctor could display such a reckless disregard for his patient's well being.

"Yes, I do admit that it's a high dose, but it's necessary. I've constantly had to increase his dose because he grows used to it. It's like no one I've ever seen before. Even as a child, the normal dosage wasn't enough for him. And even when his dosage is increased, there's still always something in his eyes. Something...alert. The Thorazine might slow down his body, but I'm not sure anything can slow down his mind. Anything medical anyway."

"I'm sorry I don't follow you, Dr. Loomis. What do you mean,

'something in his eyes'?" Kim couldn't help but ask, this was the first time she'd heard anyone admit to seeing something in there, she'd thought perhaps it was just her, but the idea that somebody, even Dr. Loomis had also seen it intrigued her. Still, she should tread carefully, and not let on to anything else that might result in Loomis wanting to take further precautions with Michael.

Loomis looked at curiously for her question before answering with, "Every time I peer into his eyes, all I see is evil. Evil working. Evil keeping him focused. Evil seeing through the walls of this sanitarium." Loomis turned his head to look at Michael before continuing. "He has no soul. Behind those eyes, there is only evil. The darkest kind of evil there is. It scares me to think what will happen if the evil ever gets physically beyond these walls. Because if that happens, I'm not sure there will be a way to bring him back here. He was a child when he was brought here. Now though...now he fully-grown and he fully understands just what his evil is."

Kim decided not to question or push him even further. She'd had a suspicion that Michael's case was near and dear to Loomis in a twisted way, and she'd also had the feeling that the doctor seemed to have it out for him, and this latest tidbit of information only solidified that in her mind. Evil? Seriously? That's what he saw in those dark eyes? The man was off his rocker, no doubt about it.

"As I said when we first met, if you don't think you can handle this job, please let me know. They say ignorance is bliss, but ignorance with him will be anything but bliss for anyone who crosses his path, including you. Though I suppose that at least then, they'll finally listen to me and lock him up once and for all. God knows I've tried everything else to get them to listen."

"I assure you, Dr. Loomis, I can handle this job. I've done everything you've outlined, and I've followed your orders. I was only curious, that was all." Kim answered, giving the doctor a tight smile, her stomach twisting as she pondered just how deep this ran within him. It truly seemed as if Loomis had somehow convinced himself that the man was evil, and through that had rationalized this desire to see him put away at any cost. She'd kept her eye on Michael during the conversation, fearing he might go into convulsions or simply stop breathing, and a little part of her wondered if maybe that was what Loomis ultimately wanted.

After all, if he truly believed his patient was evil, what place could be more secure than the grave?

Loomis looked at her for a moment longer, as if trying to see her thoughts much like Michael seemed to try to do. He didn't seem to be able to read her nearly as well as Michael could though, because he then said, "I'll be going now then, Nurse Hurst. If you have any other questions, well, you know how to contact me. I'll be back on Monday." Looking in Michael's direction a final time, he then turned and left Kim and Michael alone again.

8. October 26th, 1978 - Thursday

The scare that Michael had put into her yesterday was almost all forgotten now, almost twelve hours later. After going home that morning, a hot shower and a fairly good rest, she'd thought more

about what had happened that evening and several things had come to mind. Once she'd gotten over the shock of both what he'd done and Dr. Loomis almost walking in on them, she had to admit the timing Michael's part had seemed almost uncanny. It was almost as if he'd somehow known Loomis was going to drop in, but how could he have? Kim hadn't even seen that coming, and she didn't spend her days in a bed doped to the gills.

Still, it was impossible to not feel almost as if he had exhibited some sort of almost sixth sense there, as ridiculous as that might sound to even think. It had to just be a coincidence. Kim wondered just what had gotten into him at any rate. Had it been an attempt to frighten her? She didn't want to think that, but she still couldn't forget that almost mischievous glint in his eyes once he'd finally let go. It was almost as if he'd decided to play a trick, and was gloating afterwards.

But that was almost ridiculous to think as well. Even if he was with it enough to plan something like that out, what purpose did it serve? No, the whole thing just had to be a fluke with Loomis walking in, and as for Michael she could chalk that up to excitement combined with the ability to move a little more freely thanks to the dramatically decreased amount of drugs in his system since she'd taken the assignment. In some ways, she almost found it flattering, that he'd found her so appealing that he didn't want to let go.

She couldn't help but smile slightly at that thought.

Continuing to muse over the night before's happenings, she turned her attention back to her patient now. The first of the evening had been uneventful, with nothing more exciting than updating his charts and spending a rather quiet lunch break since Linda had called into work that evening. In a way the quiet had been nice, it had given her time to think more about the situation. While he'd frightened her, no doubt, he hadn't really harmed her. In fact, it had been rather nice, almost amazing really up until he'd refused to let her off of him. He'd managed to set a personal record with her as well, although he'd have no way of knowing that. She couldn't help but wonder what he might be able to do for her other ways and just the thought caused her to feel that familiar stirring.

If it were just as simple as excitement and not understanding the necessity for being discrete that had lead to the incident, that wasn't an insurmountable obstacle. After all, she had to remember just how new this all had to be for him, and she couldn't expect him to automatically understand just how important cooperation here was, for the both of them. Just thinking of those various ways he'd used his fingers and tongue made her almost weak in the knees, and that strengthened her resolve.

"Michael," She said softly, still careful to remain out of his range as she made her request. "What happened yesterday. Did you like it? Do you want more of it?"

As usual, he only stared, eyes fixed on her, as they'd been often lately. Before she'd wondered if he understood her at all, but now, it seemed as though he could understand perfectly, even if he never responded directly. Indirectly, he'd responded in many ways. The groaning. The ways he'd touched her, with both his hands and mouth.

"I think you did like it, and I did too. But. You've got to stop when I tell you to. It's risky. Someone could walk in. Like yesterday, with Dr. Loomis. Do you understand just how close that was? Do you have any idea how much trouble we'd both be in? If you don't let me go when I ask, and someone sees, I won't be able to come in and do those things with you anymore. Things will go back to how they've been for you, and I know you don't want that, now do you?"

Again, he stared, those eyes of his so dark and so mysterious. But surprisingly, his mouth suddenly slowly opened, just slightly. Whether that was a 'yes' or a 'no' or a 'I don't care' was impossible to say. One thing was certain though: he had responded to her. It would maybe be the closest thing she'd ever get to him nodding or shaking his head to acknowledge her.

Stunned, but trying to be absolutely sure she got her point across to him she continued. "That's why it's so important that you let me up when I ask you to. I just want you to understand how important it is. So, will you let me up next time I ask?" Kim watched him intently, for any sigh that he did, indeed understand and agree. "There's a lot we can do, things you'd like, but only if you agree to play nice. Do we have a deal?"

Just as slowly, his mouth closed again. Another definite response. He certainly understood. Whether or not he agreed was a whole other question really. The only way he could really show that he agreed would be to do just that: show it. That would still be a risk with him until he could show it, one way or the other. Most guys would agree, but as she very well knew, Michael Myers was not most guys. After all, for someone who'd spent years laying and sitting while staring into space, he did seem to know a lot about how to make a girl happy.

She cautiously approached, now within reach should he lunge, but not quite within arm's reach just yet. Her eyes flicked down to the sheet covering him, and she smiled slightly, thinking of how she might bring him to attention for her idea.

Still watching him very carefully, and inching closer she testingly laid a hand on the sheet covering his thigh. Her touch was tentative and light, should she feel the need to bolt backwards. If anything, her experience with him the night before had ingrained a little more respect in her dealings with him. If he made a grab for her, she'd back up, and let it be. She let her hand rest a little heavier, still watching, waiting to see what he'd do.

Slowly, he shakily raised a hand and gently laid it on top of hers, eyes still locked on her, seemingly waiting to see what she'd do too. His mouth slowly slid open again and he blinked, hand motionless on top of hers, but he still wasn't pressing down at all. Much like the night before after their little incident, he played the role of innocent patient well.

Kim waited a few second, gauging him as best she could, before slowly and teasingly running her hand up and down his leg, coming close to what she was after, but not quite there. She continued to watch, starting to slowly smile as she drifted her hand closer to his sheeted cock, letting her hand linger there, watching him.

He again slowly and shakily moving to lay his hand on top of hers, gently still, though he gripped her hand slightly and then relaxed it. He still watched her in return, undoubtedly knowing what she was trying to do, knowing what she wanted under that sheet. He also tilted his head slightly, also slowly, letting her have her way, for the time being at least.

Kim reached up to draw the sheet back, slowly, glancing at the door as she did. She tugged it down, right below his waist, and again set her hand down on his leg, slowly tracing it over to his meat, tugging at the gown slightly as she did. Squirming her hand beneath the fabric, she carefully ran her hand over it, and began to stroke softly, not once taking her eye off him.

Michael only still watched, not even moving his hand on top of hers that time, letting her work freely at his cock as it started to slowly get hard at her touch. His hands remained still, completely nonthreatening to her, not grabbing at the sheet or even twitching as she stroked. Perhaps he did agree to her terms. It was a big change from how he'd just grabbed her the night before.

She dared to lean in a little further, and deftly flick her tongue at the head of his cock, stroking more rapidly as he began to get hard for her, she again flicked her tongue out, and lapped at the firm flesh, hoping to excite him further. Kim wanted him very hard after all, for what she was considering.

He actually let out one of his groans as she began to flick her tongue at his cock, get harder for her, a small amount of pre-cum oozing out for her to taste. He still only watched though, hands still motionless. If he wasn't getting hard and was trying to stop her, one might think he wasn't enjoying it at all and wanted her to stop. It was just another example of how different he was from most guys though. From Drew, probably from even Donny. He had his own way of showing what he liked and what he wanted.

She glanced back over at the door one last time before she carefully climbed up into the bed with him, and straddled his hips, and continued to stroke a little longer, before deciding he'd shown himself docile enough to continue. Kim shifted back a little, and smiled.

"You know, there's other places this can go, besides my mouth. Places you'd really like, I think. Would you like to see?" she shifted back again, onto her heels, and hiked her skirt again to reveal she'd already removed her panties in anticipation. She smiled, and continued to stroke, watching.

He still didn't move his hands as she straddled him and spoke to him. His mouth did open a little wider though as he watched her pull her skirt up, revealing her pussy, his cock very hard for her at that point. He only watched, not showing whether he did know about those other places or not. Given the way he'd eaten her out the previous night though, there was no telling what he did and didn't know.

He then suddenly very gently placed his hands back on her hips, not holding her like he had the night before, just resting his hands there, waiting like a child watching a science experiment to see what might happen next.

Kim gave him an appraising glance, before leaning in a little closer. Shifting again, she paused stroking him to line his cock up with her slit, still watching him carefully, especially with his hands back on her hips. She slowly, and carefully began to slide down on him then, closing her eyes for a second and groaning softly as she took that hard meat inside, intent on scratching the itch.

He groaned again as she slid on his cock, his hardness disappearing into slit inch by inch. He flexed his fingers lightly at her hips, making no other move to hold her. If he was wanting to grab her, he was showing an extreme amount of restraint. An extreme amount of patience. He could have so easily grabbed her again too, especially as she closed her eyes.

His breathing hitched a little as she settled further on his cock, his eyes still open and still focused on her, though his eyes had wandered down to look at his hard meat disappearing into her wet slit instead of looking at her face. He focused on that action even more than he had on her face, eyes widening slightly, fingers still flexing against her, perhaps as more of a reflex than an intention.

Kim felt him flex against her hips, but he wasn't hurting her or even gripping tightly like he had the night before. She peeked at him, and couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle as she watched him focussing intently on his cock disappearing into her wet, hot center. Maybe he was more like a normal guy than anyone thought, they all loved to watch their dicks sliding in, it seemed to fascinate them beyond belief to see their cock slowly sink into something so inviting. She decided to give him something else new, rocking her hips up against his softly, and then a bit more firmly, groaning again herself as her movement caused him to brush a sensitive spot within her.

His eyes seemed to get even wider as she rocked against him, still focused intently on his cock and her pussy, not even looking up as she groaned. His fingers did flex a little harder as she rocked harder against him, his breathing hitching again and then getting heavier. It had to really be the most fascinating thing he'd seen in years. Much more fascinating than a wall or ceiling.

He then suddenly looked back up at her face, watching her face for a moment before he suddenly rocked up at her with his hips, just once, still watching, as if waiting to see how she'd react to him joining in on more of the fun.

Kim's breath hitched slightly as he did, and she returned the gesture with one of her own, grinding onto his cock. Thinking that he wanted to be more involved, she reached for his right hand and planted it on her clit, softly encouraging him to rub as she continued to rock and grind against him, closing her eyes once more, enjoying the sensations starting to consume her.

She began to bounce softly, trying to feel more of him than she already was, whining slightly as her actions caused his cock to grind into several sweet spots.

Michael proceeded to do as she wished at her direction, rubbing slowly at her clit as he rocked back more, slowly and not too hard, but enough for her to still feel him. His eyes moved back down to watch as he rubbed, watching both his hand and cock work at her

pussy. His breathing hitched again and he groaned again as she ground on his cock, his breathing getting even heavier, letting her know that he was definitely enjoying what was occurring between them. That he was enjoying this special gift she'd given to him. Sex, something he wouldn't likely have ever experienced otherwise. Now he had a girl all to himself, with seemingly very little in the way of limitations on what could happen. What their nightly playing could evolve into, despite the limited time they have with each other.

As she bounced, he decided to take the next step and bounced back against her, drilling his meat harder and deeper into her wetness, rubbing a little faster as her clit, his breathing heavier and heavier, a small amount of sweat forming on his skin. He was obviously close to going off, right inside of her pussy. This was very far from Dr. Loomis' instructions on how to handle Michael. The guy probably would've had a stroke if he decided to pick this moment to check in and found her stuffing herself with Michael's cock. But thoughts of Loomis and really anything else seemed to be far away from both of their minds at that moments. It was as if Michael's room was cut off from the rest of the world and they were free to do whatever they wanted. That of course wasn't true, but it was the illusion that seemed to have been formed by their fucking.

She could feel his cock twitching inside of her, and by the way his breathing sounded she was sure he wasn't far off at all. Kim decided to show him another trick, clamping her pussy down on his cock and tightening it, gasping as he rubbed at her clit, feeling very close herself at the rate they were going.

Kim could swear she heard him groan then, and she began to rock a bit faster, right on the cusp of coming, and hard at that. Her toes curled in her shoes, as he sent her over the edge, with him following very close behind her. She squirmed and groaned softly as she felt him let go inside of her, that warmth flooding her insides. It was a first for him, definitely, and she felt a small smile grow on her lips at that thought. Kim carefully leaned down to plant a small kiss on his lips, no longer afraid of him grabbing her. She straightened back up, and carefully climbed off of him before making her way over to the sink to wash herself up.

Even with her back to him, she could feel him watching as she wet a cloth to clean herself up, and wondered just what was going through his mind. There was no real way to know, of course, but she liked to think he'd enjoyed it and would be open to more. She hoped so, anyway. While they might not have much more time together, she intended to make the most of every last minute.

Her eyes flicked to the clock then, and she realized just how quickly the time had passed. She needed to get him cleaned up and situated, give him his injection and tend to his file. But first, there was something else she wanted to do. As she approached the bed, she leaned in close, and whispered.

"I loved that." While he of course said nothing, as she began to set about cleaning him up, he suddenly reached for her hand. Kim froze, at first wondering if he were about to pull her back down, but he just seemed content to just touch her hand, and look at her. While she knew she needed to hurry up and finish up here, she couldn't help but pause and just return his gaze. Kim figured it was his way of echoing the sentiment, and after a little while she gave him a pat on

the hand and continued with the task at hand. While there was very little time left tonight, her mind was already on the things they could do together the next night.

9. October 27th, 1978 - Friday: Part I

"Oh god..." She whispered as she rocked harder against him, feeling that hot, hard meat pulse deep inside of her, driving her senses wild. Kim felt his hands go to her hips, and she leaned back, letting him grind up at against her at a slightly different angle.

His fingers gripped her hips tightly as he rocked up harder, his cock feeling as if it was slipping even deeper inside her wet, spasming pussy. His own breathing was heavy and only getting heavier, most likely the most strenuous thing he'd ever done in the past fifteen years. He looked up at her with his eyes, more life in them than she'd ever witnessed, as if being inside her was bringing him even further out of the daze he'd been thanks to all of the Thorazine he'd been injected with over the years.

Suddenly, one of his hands shot up and squeezed her breast hard, the other hand sliding from her hip to her ass, squeezing it too. He rocked harder, his hard meat grinding incredibly deep inside of her, getting all sorts of groans out of her.

Kim squealed as he drove deeper, reaching to rub that swollen nub as he grabbed for her breasts. She could feel herself getting close already, although she was far from being ready to stop. She wanted to ride that cock of his until they were both sweaty and exhausted. At this rate she was sure that was a distinct possibility, as she continued to rub, gasping and wriggling on top of him, so close she could taste it. In the distance she could hear some sort of ringing, but she didn't care, not right now.

Still looking into her eyes, his hand moved from her ass to press against her hand on her clit, pressing down hard and helping her rub. He rocked harder and harder, his cock pulsing in her pussy, close to exploding, close to filling her with that hot seed of his. With his other hand, he squeezed her breast even harder, using his fingers to suddenly tug at her nipple before moving his hand to her other breast, squeezing harder, his other hand pressing even harder at her hand as she worked.

If there was ever a therapy that could help him, sex seemed to be it. A good, hard, dirty fucking seemed to be more effective than any medicine had ever been for him. His breathing getting heavier and his eyes even more focused on her seemed be proof of the effect of that method.

And there was that damned ringing again, getting even louder now. Was an alarm going off? Was a piece of equipment down the hall malfunctioning? She didn't care, as she felt herself going over the edge, whimpering and writhing on top on him, the ringing echoing in her ears as she rode him hard. As she came hard, spasming and clamping on him the sound continued to echo through the room until it was almost deafening.

* * *

><p>Kim groaned and rolled over in bed, the ringing piecing through the quiet in the apartment. She looked over at the clock and made a alarm wasn't due to go off for another three hours, not to mention she'd really been enjoying that dream. Still, she should probably answer the phone, if only to silence that godawful sound. She could always go back to bed after all, although the likelihood of picking up that dream where she'd left off was likely slim to none.<p>

Crawling out from under the covers, she stumbled over to the phone on her dresser, and groggily answered.

"Kimberly? It's Amanda."

Kim's eyes widened, not at all expecting a call from her boss this early, or at all for that matter. Her heart began to pound a bit, thinking that whatever Nurse Keats wanted, it couldn't be good. Was it possible that someone had heard something, or seen something, or suspected something and spoken to her about it? A sick feeling began to collect in the pit of he stomach.

"I'm here." She finally mustered weakly, clearing her throat as her mind raced through any plausible defense at the accusations Keats was no doubt about to level at her.

"Oh god, don't tell me you too. I have a ward that needs covering, Kimberly. I already have two calling in, and Lillie will not answer her phone at all no matter how many times I have tried." Nurse Keats voice crackled over the line, and the panic started to subside somewhat.

"What do you mean, me too?" Kim questioned, her voice a bit stronger now that she knew Keats wasn't calling to tell her that she was being fired and possibly having criminal charges filed on her as well for taking advantage of a mentally ill man.

"You sounded like you were sick, there is apparently some kind of stomach bug going around. First Linda, now I have two others out today as well. With that many out, how the hell can I staff the ward, let alone give into Loomis's ridiculous demands?" Nurse Keats replied, relief trickling into her own voice now as well at the news Kim wasn't ill. "You're coming in, right?"

"I hadn't planned otherwise. I noticed Linda was out yesterday, but didn't ask around. Stomach bug, huh?" Kim asked, twisting the cord around her fingers.

"Thank god." Keats sighed, before continuing." Yes, a very nasty one apparently. I pleaded with every last one of them to at least try to come in, and they all said there was just no way. I hate it, but maybe it's best they are not up here spreading germs. I've already attempted to see if it's not possible to take you off of Loomis's little pet project just for one evening, and gotten my head bitten off for even suggesting it. The man is insane. I'm starting to wonder if he doesn't belong here himself."

"Do you need me to come in early or something?" Kim said, now feeling somewhat sorry for Nurse Keats. While she and Linda had joked behind her back about her being a battle axe and an alkie, Kim knew the job was stressful and wouldn't want the position for herself in a million

years. She didn't doubt for a minute that if Keats hadn't already fallen off the wagon, it was inevitable just from the tremor in her voice.

"No, but I do need something from you. I know I had you slated to be off Saturday and Monday, but if there is any possible way you could come in tomorrow and Monday, it would be a real help. I cannot possibly spare what staff I do have coming in, not at this rate, and Loomis is adamant that someone sit in there. I have enough to worry about without him going and raising a stink with the directors over his paranoid delusions that man is somehow going to up and walk out of here after fifteen years. What can I do besides humor him, after Monday he'll be gone and hopefully Loomis takes his lead and follows him out the door. He won't be missed."

"Sure, I can come in. I didn't really have any plans anyway." Kim had to fight to keep the excitement out of her voice. She'd considered volunteering to work anyway, but hadn't done so for fear of looking over eager and perhaps suspicious for requesting it. This was perfect.

"Thank you so much, Kimberly. I'll see to it that you receive overtime of course, and I'll even sweeten the deal and give you the a three day weekend this coming week. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the works."

"Sounds great." Kim said, Nurse Keats thanking her profusely again before hanging up. Kim looked back over at the clock, and instead of crawling back into bed, she padded out of the bedroom and into the bathroom, ready to shower and freshen up, even though work was still hours away. She wanted to be especially appealing tonight, give Michael a bit of a treat. After all, after Monday he wouldn't be seeing anything like lacy panty sets, or smelling perfume, or watching an attractive women disrobe for him, if only briefly.

The thought brought a twinge of sadness, but she pushed it away as the warm water began to wash over her. There really wasn't anything she could do for Michael other than what she was already doing, basically showing him a good time before his court date. While it seemed like Dr. Loomis might not be too well regarded at Smith's Grove at least among most of the staff, but the fact was that he was still a experienced doctor who was nearing the end of his career and had been Michael's doctor for the past fifteen years. Those two things alone would likely give him clout, if only in the courtroom. There was also the way he had with words that had evidently been enough to keep Michael locked up this long, instead of seeing him released to either his family or to a less restrictive setting elsewhere. Kim would be shocked if there were any other outcome to the hearing honestly.

She'd just have to come to terms with that and realize there was nothing she could do. It still pricked somewhat though, the idea she wouldn't see him again. That came as a bit of a surprise, too. Before she'd only felt pity for what seemed a very unfair situation for him and then later on desire, but now it seemed to run a bit deeper than that.

Kim slammed the shampoo bottle down, scolding herself internally at that realization. What kind of fool was she? Who in their right mind developed feelings for a patient anyway, let alone one like Michael?

It wasn't like he was ever going to get any better really, even if the judge somehow took pity on him and ordered him back to Smith's Grove to spend the rest of his days. Even though she blamed the Thorazine for most of his catatonic behavior and thought he was capable of improving if someone other than Loomis was in charge of him.

Kim wasn't naive enough to even pretend Michael could ever be anything approaching normal. Just the fifteen years he'd spent in Smith's Grove alone had to have done things to him, and there was always whatever issue within that had driven him to commit the deed that landed him in there. No, no matter what she or anyone did, he was never going to get up, walk out, become a productive member of society and settle down with her or any other girl.

What was wrong with her then, that she sort of wanted those things from him? Maybe not those specific things to the letter, but she was starting to want something other than a few surreptitious fucks while she was supposed to be working. She wanted something deeper than that, and she wanted it from him. It was utterly ridiculous, and she couldn't allow herself to even fantasize about that sort of thing.

"You're fucking crazy, Kim." She whispered, rinsing the shampoo from her hair and applying cream rinse. Maybe it was stress, or a delayed reaction to the break up with Drew. Still, try as she might she couldn't deny the way she felt thinking about it. "You always go for the real stable ones, dontcha?" She laughed, rinsing her hair out again, and then cutting the shower off. Wrapping a towel around her, she reached for another to dry her hair with and was just about to start blowdrying her hair when the phone rang again.

Expecting it to be Keats calling back to make absolutely sure she was coming in, or perhaps Linda who might be feeling just well enough to talk on the phone, she pulled the towel tighter and walked over to answer it.

"Hello?" She said, and for a second all she could hear was silence and then heavy breathing. She rolled her eyes in disgust and was about to light into the obscene caller when a familiar voice came on the line.

"Kim." His voice was faint, but it was unmistakably Drew. Oh god. What the hell was he doing calling her, after his stunt the other day? She said nothing, and he repeated her name, sounding a bit more desperate this time. "Come on Kim, I know you are there. I just want to talk."

"What exactly do we have to talk about, Drew?" She replied bitterly, anger flaring up inside of her. How dare he call her, after all he'd put her through and expect that she wanted anything to do with him? He broke up with her over the phone, for chrissakes. What kind of asshole did that? No, what kind of asshole did that and ****then**** had the balls to call a few days later sounding so forlorn?

"I was just thinking about you, is all. I hope I didn't wake you up or anything, I just felt this strong urge to hear your voice." Kim laughed sharply in response.

"Are you ****serious**** Drew? Really? You didn't seem too interested in

that a few days ago, in fact I recall you trying to get off the phone so fast I thought maybe a fire had broken out somewhere in your apartment." He didn't reply for a moment, seemingly shocked at her tone. While they'd had their spats over the course of their relationship, she'd always welcomed him back with open arms, and the fact that she wasn't doing so now had to be a bit of a stunner for him. Served that asshole right, she thought.

"Kim, please. I messed up, I know it's no excuse, but I had a lot of things on my mind, and I just was feeling overwhelmed. I made a bad decision." The anger continued to rise in her, only spurred on by his words. Typical Drew, always backpedaling and trying to make excuses. It wasn't going to work on her anymore, if he wanted to be fickle and forever think the grass was greener on the other side fine, but she wasn't going to fall for his nonsense anymore.

"A bad decision, huh? Maybe so, but that is your problem Drew, not mine. Now if you don't mind, I have to get ready for work." She was about to hang up on him when he spoke louder.

"Come on Kim, you want to throw what we had away just like that? I fucked up, I made a mistake and I want to make it right. I miss you. Please just give me a chance, let me come over and talk? I know you don't have to go to work for a while, please?"

"Drew, seriously, what are you not getting? I'm not interested." She snapped, clutching the phone tighter. Again before she could slam down the receiver, he spoke.

"Are you already seeing somebody else? Is that what this is?" His voice rose, and Kim laughed.

"Sure, that's what this is. Think whatever you want, as long as you get it through your head that I don't want to talk to you, I don't want you to come over, and I'd frankly be quite content if I never saw your face again. You had your chance Drew, and you fucking blew it. Now do me a favor and lose my number." She slammed the phone down viciously that time, not giving him yet another chance to respond.

Fuck him. He'd always been that way, too, always wanting whatever it was that was not currently on the table. It had been the source of a lot of their problems, looking back. He'd accuse her of coming on too strong too fast, and then when she backed off he'd be right there wondering why she wasn't more responsive and receptive. He'd want her to stop seeing other guys and pursue something a little more exclusive with him, charm her with his words and then just as quickly he'd claim that he needed a little space and that things were getting too heavy. The jerk wanted to have his cake and eat it too, and that was the gist of their whole relationship pretty much, no matter what sort of new age spin he might try to put on things in an attempt to look deep.

She clenched her fists and forced a long, deep breath. No point in getting upset here. In fact it had felt good to call Drew out on his bullshit, and it had even been satisfying to hear the shock in his voice when she replied to his query about seeing someone else. Of course she technically wasn't. but Drew had no way of knowing that. And there was Michael...

She groaned again, and marched back to the bathroom to dry her hair, wondering exactly why her life had to be so complicated.

* * *

><p>Kim decided to forego the gas station on her way to work, not really in the mood after her phone encounter with Drew. Plus, she was already thinking ahead to her night with Michael, and the things they might do together. She had taken more care with her appearance this evening, not to the degree that it would be immediately noticeable to anyone on the floor but him. She had gone ahead and fixed her hair nicely, applied her makeup a little more carefully than usual. Beneath her uniform dress she wore her nicest bra and panty set, something she'd always brought out when she'd been in the mood for romance. She couldn't help but wonder what he'd think of them, not that he'd have much to compare them against she figured giving him a nice view might be fun. A bit of wrapping up the goodies, as it were.<p>

She hadn't really had to worry too much about anyone commenting on her appearance anyway, the halls were a near ghost town when she walked in, the skeleton crew that had managed to show up unscathed by stomach ailments already busy attending to patients up and down the wing. The nurse station was even unattended when she walked in, apparently Linda had not made a miraculous recovery in time to show for work. Figuring it might be a good idea to check in and let Nurse Keats know that she'd shown up and not give her any reason to go looking for her, she made her way down to her office.

The door was ajar, and there sat Nurse Keats at her desk, several open files strewn haphazardly across the desk. She took a long drink from whatever was in that thermos on her desk and sighed heavily before returning to making notations in the file before her. From her somewhat disheveled appearance Kim was fairly certain that whatever was the woman was drinking, it wasn't coffee. She cleared her throat and Keat's eyes snapped up.

"Just letting you know I was here." Kim said quietly. Nurse Keats pushed the thermos a little to the side almost guiltily, before nodding.

"Thank you again. I'm absolutely swamped with paperwork, and I did manage to get another nurse to fill in from the temp agency. Still, it's going to be tight and I wish I could have persuaded Dr. Loomis to let us forgo the vigil for just one night, but that man is damned difficult when he has his mind set on something. Anyway, I'd better get back to this, I was already behind and this little outbreak hasn't helped matters any. Make sure you wash your hands whenever you think about it, can't have anyone else here getting sick. Just to make things interesting, we've had a few patients come down with the same thing."

Again Kim felt a bit of pity for her boss. Linda had been right, Keats was hitting the bottle again. The stress of the job had gotten to her, and there was really nothing she could say or do to change any of that.

"All right, I guess I'll go ahead and get in there then." Keats nodded, and Kim walked back down the hall towards Michael's room. Surprisingly Cheryl or whomever was already gone, although his chart

had been updated, and surely he hadn't been left alone for long. Maybe they had started to come down with whatever was making everyone sick, and had left early.

Setting the chart back down, she finally looked over to him and wasn't really surprised at all to see he'd already abandoned the sleeping act. After all, why bother with it now? It wasn't like there was any need to try to play possum for his present company. No, he was wide awake and looked every bit as alert as she'd ever seen him.

"Evening, Michael." She said, walking over towards the bed now. "I hope you had a good day. Seems like everyone on the floor is fighting some kind of bug. You seem to look like you feel fine though, and that is good. Wouldn't want you sick or anything." Kim smiled, and came a little closer. While it was too early to do anything remotely serious, she couldn't deny that she felt the urge to at least give him a preview of what was to come.

She reached for her skirt, and teasingly lifted it a few inches, just high enough to reveal a bit of the light pink lacy panties she wore beneath it. Sensing that she had his full attention now, Kim smiled, and carefully climbed up into the bed with him.

"See anything you like?" She joked, leaning over and reaching to pop the first button on her top, and then another until the matching pushup bra appeared, holding her round breasts up as if they were an offering.

He stared up at her. To be exact, her round breasts stuffed into her bra. With the way her jugs hovered over him, how could he not stare at them? It was like holding a bag full of candy over a child. They were bound to stare at nothing else.

Reaching up with one shaky hand, he cupped her breast, his warm palm holding it firmly. His eyes briefly moved up to her eyes before he looked at her breasts again, gently flexing his palm at the breast. Beneath her, between his legs, a firm bulge began to appear.

Kim couldn't help but giggle softly as she felt him start to grow hard under her. Men, they were all the same, and apparently Michael was no exception there. They all loved to look and touch, and it always affected them the same way. She teasingly rocked up against his growing hardness, watching as he continued to explore her breasts with fascination.

She gasped as his thumb slid over the satin covering her nipple, squirming on top of that bulge that grew steadily harder by the moment. Kim liked how quickly he responded to her, but she wasn't quite ready to take it any further, not just yet. She wanted to give him a bit of a show, whet his appetite for what would come later.

He flexed his hand harder at her breast, his cock twitching as she squirmed on it, causing it to get harder for her. His other hand, also shaky, moved to touch her leg, not gripping it, just touching it, gently, that hand as warm as the one on her breast.

His breathing hitched as she squirmed more on his meat, flexing a little harder with his hand on her breast, this in turn causing her to squirm more, his cock now pressed firmly against her crotch. His

eyes looked into hers again, a look of wanting in them. A look of wanting more.

His hand on her leg slowly moved up it, touching her side instead, his breathing getting a little heavier as she continued to squirm around on his cock and hold her breasts over him. He clearly wasn't one to be shy about what he wanted.

She could feel her panties dampening as he pressed against her, and truthfully she wanted him now, but decided to hold off in the name of anticipation heightening the experience later. Her lips curled in a smile as he groped at her, and ground down against his hardness just enough for both of them to feel it.

"You want me, don't you?" She whispered, rocking her hips slightly just to feel that much more of him pressed against her. Kim liked his hand there on her side, gripping her almost possessively, like a child might hold onto a particularly favored toy. She loved knowing she had that effect on him, that she could draw that sort of behavior out of him.

Then she shifted on him, raising her ass up just a bit, groaning as she moved off of his hardness. Her intention here was to tease only, and truthfully she was getting too excited for her own good here. She wanted him good and ready for later, but she also wanted to savor it herself, so a little bit of cooling off was necessary here.

Despite her lifting up, he kept his hand on her side, his hand sliding slowly back down on her leg, looking up into her eyes again, that look of want seeming to grow even stronger. His cock stuck straight up into the air thanks to all of the squirming she'd done on it, contained only by his gown.

His other hand remained on her breast, squeezing it a little harder, not enough to hurt her, but also enough to let her know that he was indeed interested in continuing this. Did he have a term for it? Was it a game to him? It was something fun to do, so perhaps a game was exactly how he viewed it.

The heavy breathing subsided while she kept her ass off of his cock, but the hard-on didn't, nor did his staring, his intense staring of hunger. Not for food, but for her flesh. For the flesh hidden behind what little clothing she was already wearing for him.

As always with him, there was that threat of someone walking in. And now more than ever, she would have difficulty explaining away why she was on top of him and partially undressed to boot. His cock as hard as can be under her, one hand on her breasts, the other rubbing her leg and side.

Of course, for him, there didn't seem to be any concern. Perhaps he knew that she would be the one to be disciplined. Or perhaps it was just that he didn't care. Didn't care that someone might walk in, his horniness overriding any sense of danger that he might have had and any worry of what might happen if they were caught. He hadn't grabbed her again in the same way after her little lecture to him, but his desire to go further with her had clearly not gone away.

Kim settled right in front of that hardness, just barely edging up against him, any sense of restraint on her part starting to erode

now. It was unlikely anyone would come in here tonight as short staffed as they were. She could likely just have him now as well as later, and truly the thought was starting to appeal more and more to her. But something gave her pause, and whether it was the desire to continue playing this game with him or something else, she wasn't sure.

However if she continued to sit up here on him, she wasn't going to last, especially not if she shifted against that cock and continued to grinds against him as she'd done earlier. She took a long deep breath, and began to shift again, to climb up off of him now. Good things came to those who waited, after all.

"Let me up, for now. I promise we'll pick right back up where we left off, later." She whispered, and waited for him to take his hands off of her. This might be the true test here, would he let go of her?

At first, he kept his hands in place, even squeezing slightly harder with both of them. For a second, she began to panic, but then, he released her, his hands falling down to his sides again, his cock still hard, but other than that, there was no sign that he had moved at all. Even his eyes seemed to become less focused again.

Kim slid down from the bed, righting her uniform quickly, that nagging wetness between her legs still very present. It was fine though, if he could show restraint, so could she. it would just make what came later all the better.

10. October 27th, 1978 - Friday: Part II

The moment Kim returned from her break and entered the room, she knew something was wrong.

At first she thought her eyes were playing tricks on her, that she was just imagining things and he was still in bed right where she left him.

But he wasn't. The bed was empty, and there was no sign of him in the room whatsoever.

In disbelief she took another step forward into the empty room, her heart starting to pound. Had he somehow managed to get up and walk out of the room? As utterly impossible as that sounded, where else could he be? She had only been gone about fifteen minutes, he couldn't have gotten very far in that amount of time. With a sinking feeling she realized that fifteen minutes was more than long enough for someone to spot him out wandering the floor even with the skeleton crew on duty tonight.

She struggled to think of a logical explanation for his disappearance, grasping at straws. No, if he'd somehow managed to leave the room, she would have heard the commotion even from the breakroom. Besides, the idea of him just up and leaving the room was ridiculous. No, maybe they'd taken him out for some reason, and Keats had just forgotten to tell her. While that too was very unlikely, it seemed much more plausible than the alternative. She was about to turn back and go down the hall to find out just what was going on here when she heard a soft click directly behind her, as if someone had gently eased the door shut, wishing not to disturb anyone within.

Kim spun around quickly only to find herself suddenly face to face with her missing charge.

"Michael," The words escaped her lips almost sluggishly as shock washed over her. It was bizarre to see him just standing there nonchalantly by the closed door, looking for all the world perfectly healthy and capable. If not for the pallor brought on by spending more than a decade inside and the hospital gown he was still wearing he could easily pass as someone who had just walked in off the street.

There was just no way he'd been able to make that kind of progress so quickly, withholding his meds or not. After fifteen years he should be unsteady on his feet at the very least, if not unable to stand at all. Kim thought back to his surprising lack of muscle atrophy she'd noticed when she'd first been assigned the task of sitting in here with him, and the reality of just how much of his behavior had been an act began to slowly dawn on her.

Kim didn't have time to say anything else though, because he was starting towards her now, moving with measured, confident steps that were almost graceful. She began to slowly back away as he advanced, panic setting in now. If he'd been faking this whole time, who knew what he was about to do to her? Loomis's warnings came to mind and she suddenly felt weak with fear. Was he indeed about to show the true colors Loomis had insisted lurked below his facade and end her right here and now?

Too late she realized he'd already cut off her access to the door, there was no way she could make a run for it without having to pass him, and at the rate he was going that wasn't likely to happen. He was getting steadily closer, cornering her with nowhere to retreat once her back hit the wall.

Kim opened her mouth to scream, but before she could make a sound he suddenly reached out and grabbed her by the shoulders, pressing her harder up against the white wall. Holding her there with one hand, the other traveled over her chest and snaked down to her skirt. Gone was that hesitant touch, or even the impulsive grabbing and pawing she'd experienced the other day. His movements were perfectly calculating, as if he knew exactly what he wanted, and had the assurance of someone who knew they'd be getting it one way or another.

With that same single-minded purposefulness, he tugged her skirt up high, exposing the panties she'd shown off to him earlier, cocking his head for a moment as he took the sight in. Kim shook under his hand, he wasn't exactly hurting her right now, but his grasp on her shoulder skirted the line between being merely firm and bordering on uncomfortable. She thought about scolding him or trying to squirm free, but something in his demeanor made her think twice about struggling.

Kim was honestly a bit taken back by just how much of an intimidating figure he cut now, something else that kept her quiet and tractable for now. Seeing him in bed all day never gave her the chance to truly appreciate his size the way she could now. Kim wasn't what she'd consider particularly small or frail at all, but the way he dwarfed her now sent a chill down her spine. While she'd had a glimpse of his strength the other night something about the way he was holding onto

her now made her think what he'd done the other day had just been child's play compared to what he might be able to do to her if he'd really wanted to.

He brushed his hand over the scrap of pink nylon, as if contemplating on how to best remove it before hooking his fingers inside and tugging the panties down to expose what she'd teased him with earlier. Letting them slide down her legs to the ground, he reached for her left thigh and lifted it up, forcing her to lean back against the wall and grab for him to keep her footing now.

Michael let go of her shoulder then, seemingly satisfied that she wouldn't be going anywhere soon.

Kim's heart raced, wondering if she should try to reason with him, squirm free, or simply scream for help, but as he gripped her thigh a little tighter and pushed her a little harder up against the wall it was all she could do to try to keep a hold of him and not fall down. Not that he seemed like he was about to let her fall, no, he seemed intent on keeping her upright and right where she was for the moment. Again the idea that he could be so strong despite so many years being idle shocked her, it just shouldn't be possible.

And yet it was, and now he was reaching with his free hand to explore her what he'd just uncovered, drawing a low moan from her lips.

Looking into her eyes as he held her there against the wall, he touched her slit gently. Tightening his grip on her thigh a little more, he looked down watching his own finger slowly slide over those damp folds there, before turning his attention her clit. Almost experimentally he teased it between two of his fingers, pinching and tugging slightly. Kim groaned softly, and for a moment she swore he smirked. He continued to tease away, encouraged by her reaction.

She gripped his shoulders a little tighter, even though she knew she was in no danger of falling despite the growing weakness in her knee as he toyed with her. She was beginning to get even wetter now, coaxed along by those suddenly sure fingers. Another wickedly slow stroke sent her gasping, her eyes closing and squeezing shut, her grip on him tightening even more. If it bothered him he gave no sign, and she dimly wondered if he even felt it. He seemed far too focused on the task in front of him to care.

Michael continued to tease and work her clit, drawing another hard gasp from her lips. He was definitely in control here, and he knew it. Nothing she could say or do would probably stop him at this point and she was fully aware of that fact.

Kim eyes snapped open as his finger split the lips of her pussy to slide inside. His large, warm finger slowly slid in, his eyes now trained on her face, watching with amusement as her eyes went wide as she tried to keep her own noise to a minimum. She knew that anyone could walk past that door at any time, and they would surely look in to see what was going on if she couldn't manage to stay quiet despite his efforts that seemed orchestrated to test her restraint.

He slid his finger in until it could go no further, and then he just held it there, staring into her wide eyes as if he wished to probe there as well. His grip was still achingly firm, giving her no option

but to stand there and accept this penetration both mental as well as physical.

The tables were utterly turned here, and Kim knew it. The incident the other night had been a warning she'd chosen to ignore, and now he seemed intent on driving the intended message home. Kim had only been fooling herself if she'd thought for a moment that she'd ever been in control, and now she realized that from the moment she'd taken the assignment he'd called the shots in his own way.

Now he began to slowly thrust, almost tauntingly. Those dark eyes burned deep a moment longer, gloating before flicking down to admire the view of his own fingers at work. He seemed intent on driving that finger as deep as it could possibly go, and then some, just for good measure. Her eyes fluttered shut, as all of her attention was now focused on trying desperately to hold back any sound or reaction.

Michael paused in his work for a moment, tilting his head slightly to one side and then slowly to the other, before suddenly snapping his finger upward inside of her.

Kim's eyes snapped open in response, unable to hold back a small squeak of surprise. As if satisfied, he returned his attentions to his work, fingers straightened again, for the time being. She had learned her lesson though and wouldn't dare shut her eyes again though, not while he was doing that. He had made his point, he wanted her to see, wanted her to watch as he worked. Wanted her to appreciate it.

Now he began thrusting his finger even faster, driving in deeper, forcing her to bite her lip as her breathing got even heavier. Another quick snap wrenched a low groan from her throat, and she mentally cursed him. While she was doing the best she could to remain silent, he seemed determined to force a reaction from her despite the dangers involved. If someone caught them, it would be her who got in trouble, not him. He might have been the one doing that naughty thing to her, but she was the one not calling for help, not doing a thing to stop him, not that there was much she could do truthfully.

In ironic fashion she was now seeing just what sort of restraint he'd exhibited since she'd been involved with him, it was ridiculously hard to keep silent as he teased and tormented her. How he'd managed to not only bite back any groan or sound as she'd engaged him but managed to play unresponsive patient for so long stunned her. It was fucking hard, and she bit down even harder on her lower lip to hold back a high pitched whine as he continued to probe, not daring to close her eyes again and risk having him repeat that maddening snapping motion that she'd never experienced before. Where he learned it she had no clue, she certainly hadn't taught him that.

Kim's legs shook harder, she could feel that inevitable orgasm sliding ever closer as he went back to tweaking her clit insistently, eyes boring into her as he worked. He wanted her to cum, and he wanted to look into her eyes as he brought her off, she realized.

Deep down, she was starting to like it, to her surprise. She shivered, and it only seemed to encourage him to work her faster, harder, curling his fingers upward as he drove her closer. While his

breathing was becoming a bit ragged now betraying his own excitement, he seemed to determined to bring her off, and force her body to side with his own desires. To just make her cum was one thing, but to force her to... it was something she'd never experienced before, from anyone.

He pressed further up against her as he worked, and she could feel his hard cock probing against her hip at that juncture where her leg remained hooked over his arm now. It was obvious that this was only the beginning and he would want more once he'd managed to drag release from her. He seemed almost robotic, untiring, unwilling to stop, ever, until he had what he wanted. Kim doubted even if someone were to walk in right this minute that it would persuade him to stop, that he would just keep drilling away at her pussy until they pried him off and restrained him. Maybe even that wouldn't stop him.

With a barely suppressed groan, she gave in, cumming hard and sharp, her leg threatening to give way beneath her as the sensation washed over her. He withdrew that finger, wet with her juices, although he didn't touch her this time. He instead reached for his cock, freeing it from the confines of the gown. Giving her an almost appraising look, he hoisted her leg up even higher, and began to slide that hot, hard flesh against her wet opening, teasingly.

Kim managed to whisper his name raggedly as he stroked it along her slit, pausing to grind the head against her clit testingly before hauling her leg even higher and plunging in, drawing a small squeak from her lips despite her best efforts to remain quiet.

He tilted his head again as she whispered his name, before thrusting harder, driving deep into her pussy, spreading her even wider. She groaned hard, unable to hold back. As if encouraged he resounded by rocking his hips harder against her, holding her leg tighter as he drove that cock deeper and deeper, stretching her further, fucking her in a way she'd never been fucked before. It was getting more difficult with every passing second to keep her noises to a minimum.

His breathing got heavier as he worked that hard cock in and out of her pussy, pressing against her to get it deeper. Kim leaned back against the wall, letting it and him take her weight as that feeling began to jolt up her spine again, the intensity of it almost exhausting. It was almost funny in a way, now she too overwhelmed to even make a sound. There wasn't anything she could do anyway but ride it out, he didn't seem intent on stopping anytime soon. The fact that no one had come running in response to any of the noise made her wonder if the walls were thicker than she realized, or maybe they were all occupied down the hall too far away to hear anything. No, she could do nothing but let him continue to plow away at her pussy, and honestly, she didn't care anymore.

She wanted it, and she wanted him. She wanted him to continue fucking her silly, she craved it. And oh, he certainly delivered. Kim could feel his cock beginning to pulse inside of her, and she figured he'd be ready to go any second now. To her shock the thought dismayed her now, she wanted more, she didn't want him to stop.

He rocked harder and faster against her, drilling further as her pulled her leg higher, once again demonstrating his ability to not be slowed down by what might slow down most men. His breathing got

heavier and she could see sweat forming on his face, but he still showed no sign of slowing down or easing up at all. He was like some kind of machine. A machine perhaps fueled by the desire for pussy, something he'd never had before meeting her and something he would likely never get again if the court decided to do as Loomis suggested.

She could feel his cock pulsing deep inside of her as he kept thrusting, his balls occasionally bumping against her inner thigh. His meat was so thick and hard as he plowed it harder and harder, like he was trying to break her with his cock. He wouldn't break her though. At least she was pretty sure he wouldn't. It wasn't like she'd be able to stop him though at that point. He had her trapped and he pretty much had her hypnotized.

If he suddenly pulled out and forced her on her knees to swallow his load, she wasn't sure she'd put up any kind of fight over it. She supposed that deep down, she'd always had a desire for a man like him. A man not afraid to take charge and get what he wanted out of her with his cock. Drew certainly had never been able to provide this kind of sex for her.

He looked down again suddenly, leaning back slightly and slowing down to watch as his hard, fat cock slid in and out of her wet, stretched opening. He reached down to rub her clit too while leaned back, sending a shiver through her body, a shiver she was certain he'd been able to feel through his cock. Kim was biting her lip so hard at that point, she was expecting to discover a bruise later on, if not blood.

She didn't care though. The more he thrust that cock into her sopping pussy, the less she cared about the consequences. About her lip, about the mess he was going to make of both of them, or even about someone walking in on them, especially Loomis.

She almost let out a laugh at the thought of Loomis walking in at that point. She was glad she didn't, knowing that likely wouldn't have brought a good reaction out of the man pounding his cock deep into her at that moment. Loomis would probably yell, that round face of his getting red. He'd call for help while probably finding himself unable to look away from their fucking. Their hard, intense, messy fucking.

Then her thoughts drifted to Drew again. A small giggle did slip out that time, but he either didn't notice because of her other noises or didn't care as his own breathing got heavier. Drew would probably yell too. And then cry. He would know then for certain that he had absolutely no chance of ever getting her back into his life.

Michael's breathing was becoming harsh now, as if he were getting close himself, and Kim groaned softly as he continued to toy with her clit, seemingly intent on bringing her off yet again. And when that happened, what would happen next? Would he continue, or would he withdraw, and then what for that matter? It would be impossible to go back to seeing him the way she had this entire week, that was for damn sure.

Those insistent fingers and cock brought her over the edge again, and this time she was sure he couldn't be too far behind her, with the

way his cock was twitching in her and the way his breath began to catch.

Now he gave a jerk and she could feel that hot seed shooting deep into her. He slowed down then, leaning in closer to her, breathing heavily. For a moment, she wondered if he was going to kiss her, able to feel his breath against her lips. He didn't though, instead stepping back, slipping out. She watched him, catching her own breath, amazed by what had just occurred. Amazed by what he'd just done to her.

"Oh my god..." She panted, looking down at the mess they'd made together, her mind still processing just what he'd done here tonight. Kim honestly had no idea of how to proceed here, he'd turned her whole world upside down in the span of less than an hour. She was pondering exactly what to say to him now, her mind stumbling for the right words to say, when suddenly he reached for her again, to her shock.

He couldn't possibly be wanting to go again, could he? Kim felt more thoroughly fucked than she ever had in her life, and yet he seemed to want even more from her now. It was if he were truly enjoying this, not just her body and the things he could do with it, but showing her just how in control here he truly was.

He then suddenly pushed her down onto the bed, hard onto her knees. That was definitely something unexpected. Something no other man had ever done with her. She couldn't believe he even knew of that kind of position. Was it some kind of instinct? She didn't know, but she braced herself with her arms as she felt the head of that slick cock press against her messy slit again. It slid in much easier that time and before she knew it, his cock was all the way back inside of her.

He began to rock against her again, quickly picking up speed again. That had to be a new view for him too. He could see her ass perfectly from his position above her, driving his cock in harder. What a view that would be if someone walked in on them at that moment. Him standing behind her, her ass high in the air, pumping hard and fast into her pussy.

She reached to rub her clit herself as he worked her pussy more with that impressive cock. The added sensation drew a weak groan from her lips, but she didn't care. It felt good. Physically and mentally, she was enjoying it so much. It was naughty and risky and she didn't want him to ever stop. He could fuck any hole of hers that he wanted. He was a natural at it. It was almost hard to believe that he'd never been with anyone before her.

It was just another one of the many mysteries to ponder, but she found herself not caring about anything else right this moment other than the way that thick hard meat was pumping in and out of her, driving her back toward that edge she'd already crossed over so many times tonight. He truly was insatiable, wrapping an arm around her waist to steady her as he continued to thrust deeply, reaching even more of her than he had before.

Kim shivered, her legs practically shaking as he continued to pound her, and for a second she wondered if she was going to be walking funny after all of this extremely unexpected intense sex. She hoped

not, that would really take a bit of explaining that she really didn't feel up to right now.

He rocked harder and faster, breathing heavier again as she came all over his cock again with her hot juices. He tightened his arm around her as he kept up his rocking. She rubbed her clit faster, her unoccupied hand gripping the sheets of his bed tightly, pressing her face into the mattress as she let go.

She could tell he was getting close again, his cock pulsing deep within her still pulsing pussy. He was getting closer a lot quicker than he had the first time. Perhaps having that fresh view of her ass was doing something more for him. She didn't care why really though. She wanted him to cum in her again. She wanted him to fill her to the brim with his hot, white, sticky seed. Those thoughts alone were almost enough to her to go off again, his cock pounding faster and harder almost nonexistent for her for those few seconds as her mind focused solely on the thought of completely draining his balls inside of her.

His breathing hitched as he then began to cum again too, filling her with that sticky heat again. Finally, he stopped his rocking, his hips pressed flat against her, his cock as far into her pussy as it could go in that position. She finally pulled her mouth away from the mattress she'd been using to muffle her cries, breathing heavily as he stood behind her.

He stood there like that for a long moment, leaving her wondering if he was going to go for a third round, when he finally withdrew slowly. His still hard cock slipped out, their combined fluids oozing out slowly onto the sheets. He had left her a complete mess. A hot, sticky mess. Still bent over on her knees, she reached back to draw hesitant fingers through the mess, loving how it felt. She loved knowing that he made it in her, for her. The one and only woman he would probably ever do that to and he'd done it to her. That was the kind of thought that she could finger herself to before going to sleep at home.

Slowly, she climbed off of her knees, sitting on the edge of the bed instead, unconcerned with the further mess she would leave on the bed at the moment. She'd have to clean it up eventually and she knew she was putting both of them at more of a risk by just sitting there, but she wanted to enjoy the moment.

She had never been fucked quite in such a manner and she wouldn't change a thing about it. He'd given her something that Drew nor any other man had ever been able to give her before. He'd used her, he'd made a mess of her, and she liked it. She utterly enjoyed it. It was the type of sex she would never forget. He would be gone from her life soon, but she would always have her memories of him. Her memories of being the first one to touch his cock in a way that was pleasurable for him. And now the memories of being pounded by his cock, to the point of utter exhaustion.

But as nice as savoring the afterglow was, she had a job to do here, and she'd better get to it, quickly. Reality was beginning to set in, and she realized that she'd better clean up the mess quickly, and then there was still the fact that she had quite a few questions for her patient, more by the moment. She slid down from the mattress, and snatched the messy sheets off and deposited them into the soiled

linens receptacle, again praying that no one took too close of a look at the things in there and simply washed them as quickly as possibly.

Once she'd taken care of that, there was the his soiled gown to contend with as well. He was merely standing there, watching as she scrambled to clean up all traces of their encounter, and that sense of bafflement was beginning to rise again.

"You know, Michael, you've pretty much blown any credibility with me now as far as being helpless goes. The least you could do is help me out here and take care of that gown." Kim couldn't help but feel somewhat annoyed now, he was perfectly capable of moving around and doing for himself, why had he felt the need to continue to pretend, especially with her? It wasn't like she was going to tell anyone, that was for damned sure. How could she, without incriminating herself just as much at this point. "If you want to pretend, do it for someone else, not me. I think you owe me at least that."

He didn't move to help her though. He watched her, even tilting his head slightly, but he didn't help her at all. That only made her even more angry and it made her wonder if he cared at all. Was he more like other guys than he would ever know? Just wanted to fuck her and then refuse to do anything that she needed from him? She glared at him, seething as he continued playing the helpless patient game with her.

"Look, you can lose the act. It's not like I'm just going to somehow forget what we just did, and the fact that you are apparently much better off than you let anyone think. Why, Michael? Why pretend? For all you know, it's that pretending that's kept you in here for so long. Maybe if you'd shown some kind of progress, which you're obviously capable of, you wouldn't have spent over half your life locked up." Kim couldn't hide the frustration creeping into her voice now.

He seemed to have no reaction to the frustration she was showing though. He didn't even tilt his head that time. He just stared, not even blinking. He stared into her eyes, showing that he was focusing on her, even if he wasn't listening. Was he listening to her at that moment? She knew that he could understand things he was told. He'd proven that before. So why did he refuse to cooperate otherwise? Why did he refuse to move, to show that he could do things for himself? To show that he could perhaps one day reach a point where he was ready to rejoin society.

"You're only hurting yourself here, you do know that, right? How much of it was the drugs, and how much was a game, Michael? I don't even know anymore." She whispered, before finally walking over to him, and tugging the ties to his gown, pulling it off even as he simply stood there and watched. Kim shoved the soiled one down into the receptacle before pulling out a clean one, not even bothering to tell him to clean himself up, and nor was she going to do it for him now.

He continued standing there, naked, cock soft and sticky with their drying juices. He didn't turn his head to watch her as she put the soiled items into the receptacle. In a way, he could screw her over more than he would himself at that point. He was just standing there, unmoving as he supposedly had for all those years before Kim started cutting back on his doses of Thorazine. If anyone walked in at that

moment, everything would fall solely on her. She would be unable to blame him for anything. He was doing what he was supposed to do. It was her who would appear to be up to no good.

This realization struck home hard, and with a heavy sigh she went for a cloth to clean him up now. It would all fall back on her, no matter what he did, so she might as well play along with him. He'd be gone in a few days any way, and if he wanted to keep playing games he could play them right into a cell at Ridgemont. She shouldn't even care really, it was his choice but the thought was still something that made her want to fucking shake him.

Without another word she cleaned him off and tugged the clean gown onto him as he made no move to either hinder or aid her whatsoever. She left him standing there while she went for the disinfectant spray and gave the room a good solid spray to cover up any telltale odors, before she finally turned back to him.

'It's about time for your Thorazine, although at this point I don't know why I should even bother.'

.

He finally turned his head slowly to look at her at the mention of the Thorazine. That alone created even more questions in her mind. He stared at her further, still unmoving otherwise. She wondered if he'd even lay back down for her or if she'd have to help him back into bed. It wouldn't surprise her if he pulled that on her at that point.

"Michael. Do you have any idea just how foolish what you are doing is? Why are you pretending? What in the world do you have to gain from it? You have everyone fooled, but why?"

Predictably he didn't answer, other than to shoot her a cool look.

"You know something, Michael?" She whispered raggedly, suddenly reaching for the preloaded syringe and squirting out the contents into the trash can. "You don't need this. If you want to play fucking pretend, go ahead. Let's see just how good you are at it."

His eyes narrowed at that, and for a long moment they simply regarded each other silently, until she finally turned away from him to deposit the empty syringe. She made the notation on his chart, pressing down hard with her pen as if taking her frustration with him out on the paper. Kim set the chart down a bit too hard, and then took her seat on the other side of the room, intent on waiting out the rest of her shift.

If he wanted to play games, then so be it. While she wasn't about to admit her part in any of it, a part of her hoped he wasn't as good of an actor without the Thorazine, and maybe, just maybe he'd do something to warrant a second look at his case.

11. October 28th, 1978 - Saturday: Part I

Even miles away at home in her bed it was like she could not get away from him. Kim tossed and turned, snatches of their moments together

replaying over and over in her mind like a broken record. Sleep continued to tease and evade her, only to give in and treat her to dreams of her patient. Each one was more explicit than the last, taunting her with images of riding his thick, stiff cock on the bed, of her bent over the counter while he plowed her from behind, of sucking him, flicking her tongue all about the head of his cock hungrily, of him pounding-

That POUNDING.

Kim sat bolt upright in bed, clutching her blanket to her chest as the pounding grew even louder, more insistent. Who in the world could be at the door banging like that? Anyone who knew her at all knew that she worked nights and was in bed at this hour.

For a moment, Kim remained in bed, actually feeling a little frightened by that pounding. At the top of her list of who it could be were someone from Smith's Grove or the police. Her thoughts could only go back to her patient. Not about sex this time but about how she'd been treating him. Could a suspicious stain have been discovered in his room? That didn't seem likely, because she was very thorough in her cleaning after each "session" and she wasn't entirely sure anyone there would think twice about an odd stain anyway. What about the Thorazine? She'd skipped giving it to him entirely before her shift ended that morning. What if someone, what if Loomis of all people, had somehow discovered her failure to give her patient the proper dosage?

She felt a panic building up in her. Her career would be over for sure and she would probably end up in court and maybe even prison over it. She'd already thought the risk of getting caught giving her patient care beyond what was expected of her was the price she'd possibly have to pay for fulfilling her desires. But not like this, not over a failure to administer medication as ordered. She was breaking out in a little sweat and whoever was at the door was pounding even harder it sounded like.

What could she possibly do? She had to go answer the door. She lived in an apartment for god's sake, if they kept up the banging her neighbors would be out there and the last thing she wanted was to have anyone else witness her downfall. She took a deep shaky breath, and climbed out of bed, grabbing for her robe before padding towards the door.

There was also the possibility that whoever it was down there had nothing at all to do with Smith's Grove or Michael, she reasoned. Maybe there was some sort of emergency, and accident in the street, and someone was desperate to get to a phone. Maybe it was an especially zealous encyclopedia salesman, or hard of hearing missionaries who didn't realize how hard they were knocking. Kim took another deep breath before unlocking the deadbolt and cracking the door open.

It wasn't Loomis, or the police, a collision victim, or any type of salesman of either the secular or religious sort. No, the person who'd been banging on her door for the better part of five minutes was none other than the last person on earth she'd expected to see.

"I thought I told you I never wanted to see you ever again." She

said, starting to shut the door as a brown leather shoe wedged it's way between the door and the frame.

"Kim, we both know you have a habit of saying things you don't mean." Drew placed his hand in the gap caused by his shoe in an attempt to open the door further, Kim wishing she was strong enough to force the shut, breaking his foot and fingers right off. "I know you still care about me. You can quit playing these games with me. Now open this door!"

"No, Drew, I do mean it this time." Kim pressed against the door as hard as she could as he pushed more at the door. "I don't want anything to do with you. Now please leave!"

She was unable to stop him and the door pushed open all the way, causing her to stumble back as Drew stepped into her apartment, stopping just inside the doorway as the door bounced off of the wall.

"Because I'm the more mature one here, I'm willing to talk this over with you," he said, moving closer to her, arms open for a hug.

Kim recoiled, eyes wide with disgust and growing outrage. Who the hell did he think he was, coming here like this, practically forcing his way into her apartment?

"YOU are the mature one? Seriously? You show up here after I explicitly told you I was done with your sorry ass, and expect all to be forgiven? I want you out of here. Now." She spat, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Kim, come on. Look, I'm sorry about the other day. I told you, I made a huge mistake and I'm just trying to make things right between us. I love you, baby, please just give me the chance to make it up to you." Drew came a bit closer, totally oblivious to the way Kim stepped further away, glancing towards the phone.

"No, no, and no, Drew. No making things right, and no more chances. I'm DONE. I want you OUT." She took another step away from him and towards the telephone. "Leave, now. I mean it, Drew."

"So who is it, Kim?" Drew snapped, coming even closer. "Who is this new guy that apparently is so fucking great that you've forgotten all about everything we had together and are willing to throw it all away for, huh?"

"Throw exactly WHAT away, Drew?" Kim shot back, reaching for the phone receiver. "I wasn't aware there was anything left to throw out. We're over, done, and that's it. Leave. I'm calling the police, now." She started to dial with shaky fingers, hoping he could see just how frightened she was right now. She knew Drew could be dramatic and a baby when he didn't get his way, but this, this was scary. He showed no sign of leaving, even now.

"Put the phone down, Kim." Drew stepped even closer. "You know that's uncalled for."

"You've forced my hand. This is your last chance to leave." Kim hoped he would leave and with the threat of the police showing up. It would be much simpler that way.

Before her call could be answered though, Drew grabbed the phone's cord and ripped it out of the wall.

"Yeah, that's showing your fucking maturity," Kim said angrily, backing away from him and moving towards the kitchen, not taking her eyes off of him.

"And you forced my hand. Now can we talk?" Drew followed her into the kitchen, clearly unaware of the fact that she was hoping to get a hold of a knife, just in case. "I'm not leaving until you tell me who this new guy is. Are you already fucking him, Kim, or is just dinner for now?"

"You have serious mental issues, Drew." She retorted, backing towards the drawer where she kept her chef's knife. He chuckled darkly at that, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, you'd know all about those, wouldn't you, Kim? You're a regular fucking expert and all. So who is it? One of those doctors down at the nuthouse? Is that what it is? Are you fucking some old guy with plenty of money to take you out on the town and show you a real good time?"

"A good time's something I certainly never got with you." Kim started to open the drawer where she kept the knives, still trying to keep her eyes on him. "No, all I ever got with you was bad poetry and a short leash."

"See, you're saying things you don't mean again." Drew was still moving closer, slowly. "You seemed quite happy when you were with me!"

Kim didn't respond this time, not verbally, pulling out a kitchen knife instead, pointing the sharp tip in his direction.

"Leave. Now." Her arm shook slightly as she held the knife out at him, causing him to stop moving towards her.

Smiling, he said, "I know you won't hurt me, Kim. Do you pull knives on your new boyfriend? Does that get his old cock hard? Do you like his cock better than mine, Kim?"

Kim couldn't help chuckling a little at his questions before answering with, "His cock is bigger and better than yours, Drew. After he fucks me all night, I can still feel where his cock was in me the next day. Can't say I ever felt that with you."

"You lying bitch!" Drew snapped at her suddenly, swinging a hand to hit the knife, knocking it out of her grasp, cutting his finger open in the process. He looked down at his finger as blood dripped from it and looked back at her. "You made me hurt myself, Kim. But that's okay, because I still love you and I know you still love me!"

Kim's eyes darted from the fallen knife, to the blood, to Drew's face, something close to madness shining in his blue eyes. Fear gripped at her, as she slowly realized that no matter what she said or did, he was not going to leave. He was a man obsessed, and she'd never realized just how unstable Drew was until this moment. There was something in his tone that made the hair stand up on the back of

her neck, and chilled her blood.

"I don't love you," She whispered, unable to tear her eyes away from his own. "I never really did. Maybe I thought so at the time, but I didn't then, and I don't now. I never will." He winced, those cold blue eyes wavering a bit.

"You don't mean it, Kim. You are just playing hard to get. You got my attention, Kim, stop playing games, please.." He answered, his voice breaking slightly.

"I do mean it, Drew. If you can't accept that and move on, then I don't really know what else to tell you." Kim could hear the hurt in his voice, but she refused to back down, to give it and let him have his way, again.

"Just say you love me. That's all you need to say. You're mine, Kim." Drew seemed to have gained some of his confidence back for a moment, not that it was going to make a difference.

"No. I'm not yours. I've found someone else and I suggest you do the same." She crossed her arms, feeling more annoyed than angry now.

"I was afraid it might come to this, Kim. If you won't give in to what you feel for me, then I'm just going to have to force you to love me!" Drew shouted, moving towards her again.

Frantically, Kim looked for the knife, not exactly sure what Drew meant, but suddenly fearing for herself again. Before she could pick the knife up from the floor, there was another man's voice.

"What's going on here? What's all the yelling about?" Kim looked up to see Mr. Hanniger from next door standing in the entryway to her kitchen, Drew looking at him as well, a bag of groceries under one arm.

"None of your business. Why don't you get out of here?" Drew answered, hands balled into fists.

"I was asking her, not you." Mr. Hanniger was quite a bit bigger than Drew, having once told Kim he used to be a coal miner. "Are you okay, Kim?"

"This is my ex-boyfriend, Drew. He was just leaving." Kim stared at Drew, hoping he would take the hint.

Looking at Kim, then back at Mr. Hanniger, before looking at Kim again, Drew finally said, "Wait, I get it! This is the guy you're fucking! Jesus, Kim. I was half-joking about you dating an old guy."

"I think you better do as she says, Drew," Mr. Hanniger said, putting a little emphasis on Drew's name, which got him to look back at Mr. Hanniger.

"Fine, I'll go." Drew looked at Kim once more, glaring this time. "This isn't over though, Kim!"

"Good bye Drew. Have a nice life." She replied as Drew scowled in response before leaving. Mr. Hanniger turned to watch him go, before

redirecting his attention to Kim.

"Everything all right? Looks like it got nasty in here earlier," He said, eyes settling on the blood on the floor. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Kim said, giving him a shaky smile. "We broke up last week, and he just isn't taking it very well apparently."

"I'd say that's the biggest understatement of the year there, kiddo. Did he do that, too?" Hanniger pointed at the destroyed phone cord, and she winced. She'd have to replace that, pronto. She nodded, as he set the groceries down to take a better look.

"The jack looks like it's probably fine but you are gonna need a new cord. I can go pick you one up if you want, don't you work in the evenings? You won't want to be without a phone." He said, holding up the mangled line. As much as she hated to be a bother or draw anyone else into her drama, she found herself considering it. No, she didn't want to be without a phone, especially not now.

"I'd really appreciate it." He nodded curtly, setting the cord down and picking his groceries back up.

"I'll go put these up, and head out, then. It shouldn't take me more than twenty minutes. I'd lock up though missy, if I were you." She nodded, following him to the door and locking it behind him. She still had a few hours before she needed to be at work but there was no way she was going to try to get back to sleep now, not after all of this.

She briefly considered taking a shower. Thoughts of Drew coming back while she was in there put a damper on that idea though. Instead, she walked over to the TV, using the dial to turn it on before sitting on the sofa. She didn't pay much attention to what was on, some TV show, possibly a soap opera. She had it on more for comfort than anything. A little background noise in her otherwise quiet apartment.

Drew had really gone too far, coming into her apartment like that. He wasn't coping well with their break-up and she supposed that she could understand that, but basically breaking into her apartment and ordering her around while talking like a psychopath was no way to win anyone back. Maybe Drew needed to be in Smith's Grove instead of Michael.

Michael. Kim couldn't believe she'd gone into so much detail about his cock. That was Drew's fault. He kept asking about her sex life and her new 'boyfriend's' cock. It was true. She could feel where his cock had been in her the next day. But that was something she'd never expected or wanted to discuss with Drew.

She could even feel it now, as she sat on the sofa, feeling that dull but pleasant ache that always lingered after a night with Michael. One thing was certain, she would definitely miss his cock. It was everything she'd told Drew, and then some. In fact, it was the best she'd ever had, and the idea of going without it made her feel sad.

Her hand began to wander, but she pulled it back, scolding herself. Now was not the time or place. Mr. Hanniger would be coming back to repair the phone cord, and she didn't want him walking in on yet

another very personal part of her life.

Despite resisting that urge to touch herself, to give herself a reminder of her nights with Michael, he didn't leave her mind. He rarely wasn't on her mind after all. She thought in particular of how their previous night together, how she'd scolded him. He had pissed her off, there was no denying that. She was certain he'd done that on purpose too. Yet he was still everything Drew wasn't. He didn't whine. He didn't try to boss her around. He was her dark, dirty secret and she really wished it didn't have to be that way.

She felt herself getting wet, thinking about how it could be if he wasn't locked up. Mr. Hanniger would be hearing a lot of other noises coming out of her apartment if she could have Michael there. He made her want moan his name while riding his cock until she was full of his cum. It was the kind of fantasy that she'd never want anyone to know about, yet she wished so badly that it could be true. She would cook for him and do just about everything else, as long as he continued to give her that magnificent, veiny cock of his, fucking her with it until her pussy was gaping and oozing with both of their juices.

Then a knock at the door brought her back to reality, followed up by her neighbor's deep voice.

"Kim? It's me, and I have the cord for your phone." Kim stood and went to let him in. Hanniger held a brown paper sack from the hardware store, and went to her phone, quickly and efficiently replacing the ruined cord. He tested the line, and satisfied that it worked, he returned the phone to it's proper place.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Hanniger. That was so kind of you." Kim said, feeling extremely thankful to have good neighbors.

"I brought you this as well," Hanniger replied, pulling out a chain latch for the front door. "I can go ahead and put this in for you too, shouldn't take but a few minutes. It would give you a little extra bit of insurance when it comes to unwanted visitors." She smiled gratefully in return, resolving to bake him a double batch of brownies as soon as possible.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" she asked. He would have to settle on that for the time being. "I'm going to make some for myself."

"That would be great, thanks." He wasn't looking at her, examining the chain latch before he started working on getting it attached.

Heading back into the kitchen, Kim saw the knife on the floor and stopped in her tracks. She was glad Mr. Hanniger showed up when he did. There was no telling how far Drew would have gone after knocking the knife out of her hand. She picked the knife up and washed the dot of his blood on the blade off in the sink before putting the knife back in its drawer.

She could hear Mr. Hanniger working on the chain latch as she set the coffee maker up. She would feel a little safer having that on her door, especially since Drew implied that he'd be back. He'd have a much harder time getting inside her apartment now. She would

definitely be calling the police if he showed up again too. There would be no hesitation on her part.

"Do you take cream or sugar?" She called, pressing the brew button and retrieving two cups from the cabinet.

"Just black is fine. I keep it simple." Hanniger replied from the living room, efficiently screwing in the anchor for the chain latch. Kim had a few minutes before the coffee would be ready and took the opportunity to quickly swab up the blood on the kitchen floor with a dish towel, tossing it in the trash when she was done. There hadn't been a whole lot of blood, in the heat of the moment it had looked much worse than it actually was. She hoped that finger hurt like hell, though. It would serve him right if it wound up infected, too.

Kim felt kind of bad for anyone Drew might date next. He'd undoubtedly complain to them about the time his ex-girlfriend caused him to cut himself with a knife while he trying to be 'mature' and talk 'calmly' with her. Maybe he'd write a poem about the incident. About how he was rejected and how she was quick to hop onto the next cock that came along. She didn't really care though. His poems and other bullshit weren't her problems anymore.

When the coffee was ready, she grabbed the pot and filled the two cups. She was about to take them out to the living room when Mr. Hanniger stepped into the kitchen.

"All done," he said, a screwdriver he'd been using in hand. "That should help with keeping unwanted ex-boyfriends out."

"The coffee's done too." She handed him a cup, smiling. "Thank you so much, Mr. Hanniger."

"It's no problem at all. I'm glad I could help." He replied, as he took the cup from her. "You know, if you ever need help, just knock on the wall and I'll be right over. I'm not trying to get up into your business or anything, but your ex seems desperate, and desperate people will do stupid things."

"I will, Mr. Hanniger. I don't think he'll be back any time soon though. I made it very clear that I didn't want to see him again."

"All the same, be careful. People will surprise you sometimes." He warned, taking a sip of hot coffee.

Kim took a sip of coffee as well. She did appreciate Mr. Hanniger's advice and offer to help her anytime she needed it. He was also right that Drew seemed desperate. But wasn't she desperate in her own way? Desperate for a man. Desperate enough to fuck a man who was likely going to be locked up for the rest of his life for the murder of his older sister. It was a different desperation though. It was a desperation to be with someone who truly seemed to care about her. And now that she'd found someone like that, it was bittersweet. She only had a few nights left with him and then he would be gone from her life.

"Mr. Hanniger, did you ever find yourself in a situation like that, with an ex?" Kim suddenly asked before taking another sip of her

coffee.

"Yeah, I have been in a situation like that before." He let out a small chuckle, looking away from her for a second as if his own situation was playing out in his mind. "It was a little different from yours, but hearts were still broken and desperation was involved."

"How did you resolve the situation with your ex?" Kim was quite curious considering how wise Mr. Hanniger seemed to be.

"Sometimes, things don't ever truly resolve. I've been in your ex's shoes before, I know what it's like to leave and regret it down the road. I know what it's like to be desperate. I know what it's like to want nothing more than to have a second chance with someone, but realize they've moved on. I wish I could paint a better picture for you than that, but that's the cold hard truth. Romance is a game all it's own, and it rarely ever plays out the way you might think it will." Hanniger said, a faraway look in his eyes. Kim felt a bit uneasy, as if her question had stirred up some past hurt in the man's life, and she slightly regretted asking him now.

Her mind went to Michael again, pondering just how little time they had left together. Maybe Mr. Hanniger's advice applied in more ways than one here. Maybe she needed to let go of her anger and just enjoy what time they had left rather than regret it down the road.

That included her shift that evening. Now she almost felt like she had to make it up to Michael. Make it up to him for scolding him. She knew he probably didn't care about that, but what better way to wrap up their last few nights together by giving Michael something extra special?

She was starting to think about just what she could do with him that evening when Mr. Hanniger interrupted her thoughts. "I better head back to my place. Thanks for the coffee." He set his empty cup down on the counter.

"Oh, okay. And thank you for, well, everything." Kim followed Mr. Hanniger to the front door, her own cup of coffee still in hand.

"Not a problem. Like I said, I'm just next door if you need anymore help."

As soon as the door was closed, Kim sat back down on her sofa, her thoughts jumping instantly back to her plans for that evening with Michael. If much of the staff were still out sick, she wanted to give Michael something that she was certain he would be completely unfamiliar with and that she was also a little unfamiliar with herself, though Linda once told her in pretty great detail of her own experiences.

Finishing off her own cup of coffee, Kim took the cup to the kitchen before going to her bedroom to take off her robe and start getting ready for work, still thinking about her plans for Michael.

Kim had wondered how well the day had gone for Michael, seeing as she'd left him unmedicated when she'd left at the end of her shift. Part of her was holding her breath as she arrived to work, halfway expecting to be accosted in the halls by her boss or Loomis himself.

There was nothing to fear, however. Smiths Grove was even more of a ghost town than ever, thanks to the scourge of a stomach bug that had struck both staff and patients alike. The nurses station was unmanned, and no one roamed the halls. It was a bit surreal, really, the ward was usually bustling this time in the evening.

"I see you had a fairly uneventful morning, Michael."

He immediately turned his head to look at her when she entered his room. It was impossible to tell what his mood was, if he was mad over her scolding him or anything like that. She supposed that at least he hadn't gone back to pretending to be unable to move at all around her. In fact, she noticed that his hands had moved from being by his sides to instead resting on his stomach when she arrived.

"Lucky you. I wish mine could have been nearly as uneventful." She didn't really expect him to want to understand or care what she meant by that, though something about the way he was looking at her after saying that suggested that he was at least listening to her.

"Worst morning ever, by a long shot. I never thought Drew had it in him to be that crazy." He sat up suddenly, eyes locked on her. Maybe he'd done some thinking of his own while she'd been gone, and realized it he didn't have to pretend around her anymore. She smiled slightly, shaking her head. "Enough about that creep."

He remained sitting up despite her signifying the end of that mini-rant. He even took it one step further by swinging his legs out of the bed, sitting on the edge. Kim looked at him for moment, before smiling and moving to sit down next to him, giving him a small kiss on the cheek. Oh how she wanted to do so much more than to him, wanted to put her mouth other places on him. And she would, very soon. She just wanted to wait and make sure no one else was indeed going to show up that evening. Nurse Keats was likely around there somewhere of course, but Kim didn't expect to see her, not after seeing the shape she was in the day before. Unless Dr. Loomis suddenly showed up, as there was always a risk of that, Keats would have no reason to come see Kim.

"I missed you. Did you know that?" Kim was looking up at Michael's eyes and he was staring back at her, not showing any sign of realizing what missing someone even meant.

She laid her head on his shoulder, her hands touching his arms gently, fine with him not knowing or at least showing that he did. Besides, it was just another way that he was better than Drew. If she'd ever told Drew she missed him, he would have undoubtedly found a way to use that against her.

He turned his head slightly towards her as she leaned against him, bringing a hand up hesitantly to brush against the front of her white uniform. She smiled, sighing and leaning further in, appreciating the attention he was giving to her. Any anger she'd felt for him was gone now, replaced by the urge to straddle him right then and there. She

hadn't lied about his cock, it was definitely something she'd come to crave, something she wanted quite badly right now. It was addictive, like him.

"You know," She whispered, giving him another small peck on the cheek before breathing hot into his ear "The shower room should be empty right now."

She could feel his hand moving to touch one of her breasts, squeezing at it. She let him, enjoying his touch, shivering slightly at his touch. He squeezed a little harder after she shivered. He'd come to learn quite quickly just what she liked and she knew that he liked what she was saying to him.

Breathing into his ear again, she then said, "I have something for that I'm willing to bet you've never even heard of before. Something that will make that big cock of yours explode at least a couple times." She nipped his ear softly as his moved down slowly, over her stomach to her crotch, pressing his large hand over her already wet pussy. "Michael Myers, I'm going to completely drain your balls tonight. I want every drop of cum I can get out of them."

He definitely liked what she was saying, rubbing his hand more at her pussy, getting her wetter, as if she needed any help getting that way. Even though there were a couple layers of clothing between her pussy and his hand, he seemed to remember exactly where her clit was, focusing the pressure of his palm there.

"I'm going to milk your cock in ways you've probably never imagined." Kim shuddered as he started rubbing even faster at her clit. "Your cock's going to be sore tomorrow. But I guarantee you're going to like it."

He definitely liked the sound of that, because he rubbed faster, putting a bit more pressure on that sensitive nub underneath the wet cotton of her panties. Kim groaned softly, arching a little under his hand, nipping gently at his neck. He paused for a moment, and she wondered if maybe she had not gone too far with that.

Breathing heavily, he brought his hand away from her panties and wrapped his hands around her waist, lifting her up off the bed and into his lap. She squirmed in his grasp, grinding down against his already hard, ready cock.

He rocked up against her, that big, hard cock of his now pressed firmly against her wet, still clothed pussy. His cock had an immense warmth to it which she could feel, mirroring the heat coming from her pussy. She ground down harder on his cock, close to cumming already, kissing his neck, moaning softly against it, her arms around him.

"Please don't stop, Michael," she begged. "Make me cum for you. I want to cum for you. Make me cum with that fat cock."

He began to rock even harder against her, wrapping his arms tightly around her.

Kim groaned even harder, grinding against him, rocking her hips more insistently as she closed her eyes, so close to release already. She buried her face in his neck, breathing raggedly as he brought her

off, her panties soaked and hot with her juices. Shakily, she wrapped her arms around him, breathing hot and hard. His hands went to her hips then, suddenly standing, bringing her up with her.

"Michael, what are you doing?" she whispered, tightening her grip as he started towards the door. Kim started to wriggle in his grasp, her heart pounding hard. "No, put me down, what are you doing? There could be someone out there Michael, please...!"

Her pleading fell on deaf ears, as he approached the door, not at all swayed by the idea of being caught. Shifting her in his arms, he reached for the handle, turning it and letting the door swing open, revealing an empty hall. The fear subsided somewhat, but Kim was still on edge as he carried her down the silent hall. What in the world was he planning?

Before heading down the hallway, he started to loosen his hold on her, letting her feet touch the ground, only to pick her back up into a cradle position. She squirmed a little, but knew there was no stopping him as he slowly began down the hallway to the shower room.

Even though the hallway was quiet and empty, she found it difficult to fully enjoy him carrying her. Nurse Keats could enter the hallway at any moment for some reason. Or Dr. Loomis. No telling what he'd do, besides ensure that she was fired. They remained alone though, all the way to the shower room.

Once in the shower room, Michael finally set Kim down on her feet. There were some butterflies in her stomach. Going to the shower room with him like this was a lot riskier than what they'd been doing in his room. There was a bigger chance of someone hearing them. But given that so much of the staff were out sick and that patients weren't usually allowed in the shower room at night, she felt pretty confident that they would have all the privacy they needed.

Looking up at him, she smiled and said, "Let's get you out of that gown first."

She began to help him get out of his gown, hearing his breathing get a little faster as she stepped closer. She was pretty sure that meant he was excited to find out just what she had planned for him. He would have to wait a little longer for her true surprise though, because at the sight of that hard, thick, veiny cock sticking out into the air, she couldn't resist dropping to her knees on the cold, tile floor and sucking that fat, round head of his cock into her mouth, rubbing her tongue all over it, tasting the pre-cum already gathering at the slit.

She rested one hand on his hip, and brought the other hand up to tease the length not already in her mouth, looking up at him as she continued to fondle him with her tongue, sucking and taking more of him in. Bobbing on his length now, she closed her eye, enjoying the slight salty taste of his hard meat. She pulled back to tease the slit again, more of that precum gathering as she flicked her tongue at the head of his cock.

He shuddered a bit under her ministrations, breathing heavily now, bringing a hand to the back of her head. Drawing his fingers through her soft hair, he tugged gently, encouraging her to continue. Kim

drew more of him into her mouth and began to work his meat in earnest, wanting to taste him now, wanting to know that she was the reason he was breathing raggedly and his cock was starting to twitch violently.

She sucked harder at that tasty cock of his. She'd meant every word she'd said to him before. One way or another, she was going to milk his cock dry. She moved a hand to gently touch his balls as his breathing got heavier, taking even more of his cock into her mouth, bobbing slightly on his as it twitched and pulsed more in her mouth.

Unable to resist, she moved her other hand to her crotch, pressing her hand on her clit over clothes as he'd done earlier, rubbing hard at the sensitive nub, able to feel her warm wetness through her uniform now. She bobbed faster on his cock, in sync with the rubbing on her clit. She was quickly bringing herself towards another orgasm, hearing his breathing getting heavier as she tried to take the rest of his cock into her mouth. Hearing him turned her on in ways he'd never know.

As he let out a groan, gripping her hair tighter, and began to cum, balls twitching in her hand, shooting his hot, sticky seed right onto her tongue and down her throat in several hard spurts, she began to cum too, shivering slightly as she felt more of her own hot juices soak into her panties and uniform. Keeping his cock all the way in her mouth, still sucking, she placed both hands on his legs, before slowly pulling back so just the head was in her mouth, sucking more on it and using a hand to gently stroking his still twitching cock, truly wanting to ensure that she got every drop of cum he had to offer her.

Satisfied, she pulled away and began to strip off her uniform quickly. He watched with fascination as she exposed herself, a hungry look in her eyes as she tossed the clothes to the side, not too worried about how she'd deal with them later. Right now there was only one thing on her mind. To her surprise, the feeling seemed to be mutual, as he began to tug at his gown, still hard under the thin fabric.

She stepped forward to help him, quickly removing the soiled gown and tossing it away, coming in closer, pressing her breasts against him, reveling in how warm he was and how good it felt to be against him with no barrier. She went up on tiptoe, kissing at his mouth hungrily as he prodded at her wet puss with that thick, hard meat.

Kim pulled away then, panting, reaching for the shower control. Without a word she turned it on, the water rapidly growing warm, and then hot, steam beginning to fill the air. Just the way she liked it. Taking him by the hand she pulled him towards the stream, exaggerating the sway of her hips as incentive, as if he needed any more of that. He was more than ready for her.

"Show me what you can do with that big cock of yours," she said as he stepped under that hot water with her.

That was all he needed to hear as he suddenly pushed her up against the wall of the shower and pressed the head of his cock at her slit while she spread her legs for him. She was still plenty wet for him, the water adding an extra slickness, and she squealed when the head

of his cock spread open her slit. He pushed slowly but steadily until his meat was all the way inside her, getting more groans and moans out of her as it brushed against sore and sensitive areas of her pussy. Sore and sensitive thanks to the other nights his cock had been inside of her. This was different now though. Not just because they had a freedom in Smith's Grove that evening that was hard to come by there, but also because of her new found personal freedom. Or at least a willingness to fully embrace that personal freedom.

He rocked his body hard against hers, his cock very deep in her pussy, and she rocked back against him, arms around his body. She kissed at his lips and neck. He didn't kiss back, not that she'd expected him to, and she kind of liked it that way. He seemed to have emotions for her, but rather than waste time with lighter things like kissing or telling her how he felt, he preferring to fill her with his cock. It was a nice and welcome change.

She could feel his cock sliding even deeper in her, causing her to make more noise. She didn't try to hold back her noises now, not with the privacy they had, though she did hope the water would cover up some of that, just in case someone like Nurse Keats happened to walk by the shower room. She was already close to cumming again, her pussy tightening around his thick dick, breathing heavier against his neck. She didn't speak this time. He knew what she wanted and she let him work, her juices soaking his meat moments later.

He didn't relent even as she came hard for him, still pounding away at her now very sensitive pussy, dropping a hand to rub at her clit as he pumped into her. Michael never failed to surprise her it seemed, every time they did this he seemed to become more animated, picking up things he'd tried before and employing them again down the road. She groaned, shivering even though the water was hot as he worked her over, arching against his thrusts.

When she thought she could take no more of his pounding she could feel his cock twitching again. She squeezed more at his cock with her pussy, urging him on, urging him to give her what she wanted. He did give her what she wanted too, unloading another dose of that hot seed within her, shooting it deep into her pussy. She loved feeling him release inside of her, the warmth of it, and loved knowing that she could make it happen again, too. He was as insatiable as she was, and had phenomenal staying power. She'd never seen any thing like him, ever. And now she wanted to give him something else, something new.

She looked up at him and moved a hand to touch his face softly as his continued to rock against her. He pulled his face away at first, looking back at her, but he seemed to realize she wanted something and slowed down, almost to a stop.

"I don't want to stop this. I do want to show you something new though. My surprise for you." He tilted his head slightly at her words and slowly stepped back from her, his cock sliding out of her messy pussy.

Turning around to face the wall, she placed a hand on the tile, spreading her legs slightly, using her other hand to motion him forward. He did step forward, still hard cock poking against her ass cheeks. He seemed very curious about what she was trying to do.

"I want to show you a place to fuck girls that I bet you never even dreamed of," she said softly, reaching back to grab at his cock gently.

Using her other hand to spread her ass cheeks slightly, she pressed the fat head of his cock at her asshole, grunting slightly. She actually wasn't sure it was going to go in. The only thing she'd put up there before was her fingertip once out of curiosity. She really only had what Linda told her to go by. She was starting wonder if she'd have to give up when the head finally pushed into her tight hole, forcing a yelp of surprise out of her. It didn't exactly hurt, but she knew she was going to have to take this slowly, grateful that his cock was so slippery from her juices and the water.

Kim took a long, shaky breath, allowing herself to become accustomed to having him inside of her. He gripped her hips even more tightly, eyes riveted on Kim, fascinated by this new venture into uncharted territory. She grinned slightly, leaning to kiss him softly, shifting against him, taking in a little bit more of that massive cock. She could feel that thick meat spreading her insides, stretching that tight hole.

She placed a hand back on the shower room wall as she leaned against it again, moving her other hand back to her clit to rub more, eyes sliding shut. She did worry a little about him taking it slow, but at the moment, he seemed to understand that going slow was best. Linda had definitely been right about anal sex taking a little getting used to.

His fat cock slowly slid deeper into her asshole, until his body was pressed up against hers, her butt pressed firmly against his crotch. She rubbing her clit a little faster as she tightened her hole around his cock several times. As big as his cock felt in her mouth and pussy, it felt even bigger back there. She wanted this though. She wanted him to send a load of his hot cum deep into her bowels.

When she thought she was ready, she began to gently rock her hips back against him, the massive head of his cock grinding deep in her stretched hole. She rocked against him several times and then she felt him rock back, just as gently, her asshole pulsing around his cock with each movement. She let out a small moan, rubbing her sensitive clit even harder as his cock seemed to manage to wedge itself a little deeper. Gone was that slight discomfort she'd felt at first though. It was starting to feel quite good in fact as his fat cock rubbed and pulsed against the inside of her asshole. She tightened her hole around it again, able to feel every vein on his cock and the ridge of that fat, hard cock head when she did that, the feeling combined with the rubbing of her clit enough to send her over the edge again, her hot juices dripping down her leg as that gushed from her pussy.

She could hear him breathing heavier and groaning slightly as she began to rock harder against him, still tightening her hole around his cock ever so often, able to feel his hot meat pulse even more with each squeeze. He was getting close again and she knew it. She was going to get exactly what she wanted from him.

"Cum for me, Michael." She began to rub her clit faster again, already close to cumming again herself, moaning more in between heavy breathes. "I want that cum. I want all of it."

As she squeezed her asshole around his rapidly pulsing cock again, she felt him shoot hard, more of that sticky cum launching deep into her, the load seeming like even more than before, the feeling of that suddenly warmth combined with the pulsing of his cock making her cum again with him, rubbing her clit rapidly, leaning heavily against the wall, her legs shaking slightly, more juices spilling from her pussy to the floor, washing away with the hot water.

She started to slow down her rocking, trying to catch her breath. She felt so happy at that moment. So, dare she say, in love with him. She wanted to stay in that shower room with him forever, milking his cock constantly. She couldn't get enough of it. And apparently he couldn't get enough of cumming in her as he suddenly wrapped an arm around her mid-section and used his other hand to start rubbing her clit for her, rocking even harder against her, his cock still hard inside of her stretched hole. Knowing she'd be unable to stop him anyway, she let him, rocking back just as hard against him, grateful for his arm around her as it helped her stay standing as her legs shook even more.

"Oh god, Michael..." She whispered, leaning more into him as he rocked steadily into her, feeling utterly filled and taken by him. She did love him now, she was convinced. As crazy as it sounded, in just the short time they had been in each other's lives, she'd grown to not only love how they fucked, but love the man himself. The knowledge that he'd soon be gone nipped at her heart, but she pushed back on that hot, hard cock anyway, again wishing that they could just stay in here forever fucking themselves silly.

He seemed to have the same idea as well, continuing to tease her clit, wanting her to cum for him yet again, leaning forward to breath heavily in her ear sending a pleasurable shiver down her spine. She could feel him twitching inside of her again, and knew he couldn't be too far away from another orgasm himself. Kim tightened her well fucked hole on him, fluttering and teasing as he pumped into her, groaning softly and closing her eyes and just enjoying every single moment that seemed to stretch on forever.

He rubbed faster at her clit as her legs shook more, very close to cumming for him again. He seemed to wrap his arm tighter around her as her legs got less and less stable. He rocked his body just as fast against her, his fat, hard cock pulsing harder in her asshole, her hole pulsing around him. His breathing was very heavy at that point and though his cock felt like it couldn't pulse any harder inside of her, he was showing no sign of slowing down.

She began to cum again, her clit ultra sensitive at this point, moaning and whining as her asshole tightening hard around his cock, almost as if inviting him to cum up her ass again. It was an invite. Her ass wanted to devour that big cock of his. Even after she stopped cumming, she tried to keep her hole tight on his meat, still enjoying how his dick felt up there, how those veins felt with her asshole wrapped around them.

When he did start to cum, he grunted, still rocking hard against her and rubbing her clit just as hard still too, more of his cum spurting out of that thick rod. The feeling of that fresh load of cum and the intense pulsing of his cock was more than enough to send her into yet another orgasm. She probably would have collapsed to the floor that

time if his arm wasn't around her, more of her juices spilling down her leg.

He finally began to slow down, his mouth against the side of her head, trying to catch his breath, cock still wedged up her ass, his hand gone from her clit now, both arms wrapped around her body instead. They both stood there for a few moments, letting that hot water pour over them.

"That was... amazing." She breathed, enjoying the warmth from both the water and him. As much as she wished though, she knew they couldn't stay in there forever, and they both had a lot of cleaning up to do. She reluctantly disengaged from him, and stepped out from the shower and began to towel off quickly. There would be no explaining this should they run into anyone on the way back to his room, but Kim found herself not really caring about any of that any more. She loved him, and the more she thought about how he would soon no longer be here with her she found herself considering putting her notice in and leaving.

Kim shook out her uniform and redressed, pleased to see that the uniform was mostly unscathed although her panties were another story. She'd just toss them in with the soiled linens, she didn't care anymore. Let them ask questions, she would just play dumb. At least michael just needed a clean gown, and that wouldn't be too difficult to get. The shower shut off suddenly, and she turned back to see him standing there, watching her with interest. Kim brought over a towel and began to pat him dry, pleased at how much easier this was with his cooperation.

"Clean gown is right in that cabinet. Grab one and lets get out of here." She said, winding her damp hair into a messy bun. He walked over and pulled one out, silently, still watching her.

As he put into the gown, she peaked out into the hallway. Still empty and quiet. Just a little darker now due to the sun having gone down entirely. She started to turn around to see if he was ready only to find that he was standing right behind her, causing her to jump. He was just standing there, staring at her with those mysterious eyes.

"You startled me!" She didn't actually mind, leaning up to kiss him softly. "Come on, let's get back to your room."

He didn't carry her back, which was probably for the best. If she found herself in that position again, she might not be able to stop herself from trying to work a fifth load of cum out of his cock. Instead, she gently took his hand and led him back to his room. He moved to the bed laid down on it. Dropping her panties into the soiled linens bin, she decided to lay down on top of him on the bed. He let her, placing one hand on her lower back. She laid her head down on his chest, eyes closing. She was worn out after their shower room fun. She was full of his cum and happy. Happy to have his cum in her, in her stomach, in her pussy, in her bowels, and happy to be able to lay on him like that. She didn't expect anyone to come into his room, not that she cared at that point if they did, and they didn't, allowing her to relax in bed with him for the remainder of her shift that night.

13. October 29th, 1978 - Sunday: Part I

Kim had been a bit afraid at first to go back to her apartment after the scene the day before, but there was no sign that Drew had ever come back at all. The lot was quiet, typical of early Sunday morning when most people were still in bed fast asleep. She locked the car up, and got her keys out, adjusting her uniform as she approached the front door. She could still feel the tell tale remains of her fun with Michael that evening, and it made her smile slightly.

Smiths Grove was barely functioning at this point, with so many of the staff out sick. Cheryl had not even come in that morning to relieve her, and Keats had slurred for Kim to go on home and she'd deal with Loomis if he should stop by. She could smell the gin on the woman's breath as she muttered about how ridiculous it was to expect an around the clock nurse for Michael, and she merely nodded, leaving before Keats could ask any questions.

Unlocking her apartment door, Kim stepped inside, leaning against the door after she closed it, letting out a sigh. If Michael was with her in the apartment at that very moment, his cock would be going back into her ass. She never imagined she would enjoy anal that much. It felt different that having a cock in her pussy and the longer his cock was up her ass, the better it seemed to feel.

Heading to her room, she set her purse down and started to undress. Even though she had taken a nap while laying on Michael after their intense fucking, she still felt tired. She supposed that it'd taken a lot out of her. She'd lost count of how many times he made her cum.

Beyond satisfied, she finished stripping off her uniform and threw it in the hamper, brushing her teeth and getting ready to lay down for some well deserved sleep. She could still feel how loose her ass felt, something strange and new to her. She was in no danger of having an accident or anything, it just felt relaxed, tired but in a good way. curiously, she reached back, and felt. Kim wondered briefly if this new change was permanent, but decided it couldn't be or no one would ever do that sort of thing.

She turned on the shower, her second one in just a few hours, and began to quickly wash, more than ready for bed. Her soap slick fingers wandered back there again, utterly fascinated with the change. She finished up quickly, dried off and pulled on her pjs, checking to make sure the chain latch Mr. Hanniger installed for her on her front door was secure before heading to bed, hoping her dreams would be filled with more of the same.

She fell asleep pretty quickly and her dreams found her almost as quickly it seemed. As she'd hoped, they involved Michael. They were back in the shower room at Smith's Grove. He was behind her, cock stuffed up her ass, seemingly even deeper than before. He was causing her to cum many times as he rocked his body hard against her, occasionally cumming in her, cumming more than before, filling her full of his hot seed.

Even in her dreams, she loved him. But something was different. He wasn't better in the dream or necessarily worse. Just different. She couldn't put her finger on it. Soon, he slowly slid his still hard cock out of her asshole, some of his cum dripping out of her hole

with it. Still naked they wandered back out of shower room, intending to go to his room. She realized though that he wasn't the only thing that was different though. Smith's Grove itself was different. It was lit up, but seemed completely void of all other people. No Nurse Keats. No patients, their rooms all open and empty. While she loved having privacy with Michael, this was almost scary.

"Nurse Keats?" No answer. "Linda? Anyone?" Still no answer.

She turned around to look at Michael to find that he was walking down the hallway, away from. He moved slowly but with purpose. She ran after him, wondering where he was going. She looked into each patient's room as they went by. All void of life. At the nurse's station she expected to find Nurse Keats, passed out drunk, or maybe even Dr. Loomis. Even he'd be a relief to see. The nurse's station was as abandoned as the rooms were though.

She continued after Michael, who was even farther ahead of her now. He only looked forward, ignoring her shouts of his name. He turned a corner and she ran even faster, still trying to catch up with him, but when she turned the corner herself, he was nowhere to be seen. She started to run forward again, only to slip in something. She looked down as she tried not to fall and realized that it was blood. After a moment of looking around for the source, she also realized that it was her blood, coming from her pussy.

Had Michael injured her down there somehow during their hard fucking? She wasn't sure, starting to panic a little. Grabbing a patient gown off of a nearby cart, she wadded it up and stuffed it between her legs, trying to stop the bleeding, watch as the dark crimson quickly soaked the gown. Not sure what else to do, she continued down the hallway, keeping the gown stuffed between her legs. Turning another corner, she found Michael standing there, facing her now, staring at her.

"Michael, please," Kim begged. "I need help. Please find someone!"

He tilted his head slowly to the right, still staring at her, before straightening and slowly walking towards her. He was still naked, hard cock dangling out in front of him, covered in blood. Her blood, she was guessing. How could she have noticed that right after they were done fucking? Behind him, through the glass doors at one Smith's Grove's many entrances, she could see that the sky was dark and there was lightning. Looking back at Michael, she again got a feeling that something different about and it was making her nervous.

"Michael?" He continued moving towards her. She tried to step back but found herself unable to. "Michael, please stop. You're scaring me. You need to find a doctor or nurse to help me!"

He didn't stop and when he right in front of her, she suddenly sat up in her bed, awake. Frightened but awake. There was knocking at her door. Was it Drew again? Surely not. Surely he wasn't that stupid. Getting out of bed, she pulled on her robe and went to the door.

"Drew, is that you?" she asked. No answer except for another knock. "Drew, if that is you, I'm calling the cops. I'm not doing this with you again."

Still receiving no answer, she opened the door, keeping the chain latch in place. No one was there, but she did notice that the sky was dark again with more lightning. Undoing the chain, she opened the door all the way to find that a kid, a boy, was actually standing there. He wore a green, red, blue, and gold clown outfit with a clown mask with a big, red nose and wide, blue grin. In his right hand, he held a large kitchen knife, blood dripping from the tip of it.

"Can I help you?" Kim almost wanted to reach out and take the knife from him, but she felt like that might be more dangerous than her just letting him continue holding it. "Do you live in this building?"

He didn't answer, just stared at her. Stared at her like Michael did. Stared at her with those same dark, mysterious eyes that made her wonder if Michael was staring into her rather than actually at her. She started to shut the door, hoping the boy would just go away when a large hand slid in and forced the door back open. Michael's hand. He slowly stepped into her

apartment, no longer naked, back in his gown. He stared at her, stared into her. She could feel it. He was trying to see into her very soul. Before he could move towards her though, there was a ringing. A ringing that seemed to stop everything in the dream. And then she sat up in bed, her alarm going off, feeling confident that she was really awake this time.

Kim stayed sitting up in bed for a while. She did need to be getting ready for work, but she didn't care the moment. The dream, the nightmare had left her feeling quite shaken. Real or not, it made her feel things that she didn't like. A level of fear that was beyond any kind of fear she'd ever felt before. Fear that she hoped she would never feel again, in reality or in a dream.

Her dreams weren't usually so vivid either. Sure, she'd had sex dreams before, but her dreams rarely left a lasting impression on her. An impression that made her actually wonder and worry about her reality. Up until then, she'd felt so sure about her reality. She was having nightly sex with a patient at a mental hospital and it gutted her that she'd probably never see him again after Dr. Loomis took him away, but at least she knew where she stood. She felt a lot of things with Michael, but fear wasn't one of them.

That thought made her feel a little better. Michael in her dream and Michael in reality were two very different things. Michael in reality didn't make her feel fear. At times, frustration and even a little sadness, but never fear. He seemed to know exactly what she wanted and seemed to know exactly how to give it to her. She loved him and while she didn't know if he'd even really understand what love meant, she was pretty sure that he had similar feelings for her. He touched her physically and mentally in ways that Drew never did. In ways that she always thought people who loved each other were supposed to be able to touch each other.

She couldn't help thinking of the night before. That had been so hot. More than hot. It had been something special that she'd never be able to forget no matter how hard she tried. Her still sensitive clit tingled at the thought of the things Michael had done to her. The way he'd slowly stuffed his wide, hard cock up her tight asshole. The way

he'd fucked her deep in her ass until he came, not once but twice. The way he'd wrapped his arm around her and rubbed her clit for her to make her cum more.

Unable to resist, Kim slid a hand down the front of her panties to rub at her clit, so sore and sensitive and yet her pussy was already getting wet.

If Michael were in the bed with her at that very moment, she would want to crouch over him and sit on his cock, cause it to slide up her ass only for her to rock down against it, grinding that thick, pulsing head deep in her hole, rubbing her at she looked down at him, her pussy juices leaking out onto him.

She slid a couple fingers into her pussy, curling them up and rubbing hard, moaning, wishing it was his hands or his cock instead of her fingers.

She would rock harder and faster on his cock, letting him shoot his cum into her asshole as she came herself, more and more of her juices trickling out onto him. She'd tell him how much she loved him and how she wanted him to cum more for her, to give her every drop he could because she simply couldn't get enough of his cock or his cum.

She was already on the edge, having to rub her clit only a little more before she came, feeling her warm juices flood out onto her fingers.

Catching her breath for a moment, she slid her hand out of her panties, feeling much better after the way her dream brought her down. It was then that she looked at the clock though.

"Shit!" She'd let the time go by with her day dreaming and before work masturbation. She'd have hurry to get ready or she'd be late for work and now she needed another shower as well. She probably wouldn't even really be that worried considering how drunk Nurse Keats was getting at work lately if she didn't need to take that shower.

When she did eventually manage to get ready, she went outside to her car and headed off for work. Michael was again on her mind.

After the night before, it was hard to think of something that could top it. Maybe they could have a repeat. She wasn't exactly against that idea and she doubted he'd be against it either. He'd shown her that he'd enjoyed himself. 'Enjoyed' was putting it mildly really. She wouldn't be surprised at all if he would want to skip right past the other stuff and go right back to fucking her in the ass. She couldn't even imagine how four loads of his cum would feel up there. She wouldn't mind that.

She had to stop thinking about it though and concentrate on the road. She was getting wet yet again and she certainly couldn't finger herself while trying to drive. If she did, she'd have to turn right back around to her apartment so she could clean up again and change panties again. She didn't have time for that. Besides, she knew it would be better to wait until she could get to Michael before playing with her pussy further.

Pulling into the employee's parking area of Smith's Grove, it seemed like there were more cars than there had been the past couple nights,

causing her to frown. If people were returning to work, that meant no more shower room fun for her and Michael. She quickly parked, already thinking of alternative ways to milk Michael's cock that night. She certainly couldn't deny having plenty of fun with him in his room on the other nights.

Heading inside Smith's Grove, Kim saw that a few of the nurses had indeed returned to work, including Linda. She wanted to head right to Michael, but she knew that Linda would want to chat with her. Would want to hear about anything that might have happened while she was absent and if she'd been speaking to Drew again so she could scold Kim for wasting time on him. While she'd happily tell Linda of Drew's most recent visit to her apartment, she'd definitely be keeping her shower room time with Michael to herself, leaving Linda to assume that Kim was truly as boring as suspected by not hooking up with new guys.

While Linda had been under the weather and there was no mistaking the fact that she looked tired, she couldn't resist shooting Kim a bit of a smirk.

"Sooo, what's new, Hurst? Seems like it's been forever since I saw you last. Meet anyone interesting?" Linda drawled, causing Kim to roll her eyes.

"Yeah, like I had that kind of time covering shifts and spending most of my free time in bed, recovering so I could get up and do it all again." Kim couldn't help but tease, knowing Linda's mind would immediately travel to it's usual place in the gutter. Linda's eyes went wide, taking the bait as Kim expected, only for her to shoot back. "ALONE in bed. Sleeping." Linda scowled, reaching for her pack of cigarettes absentmindedly.

"It figures, Hurst. Still hung up on that loser Drew, I bet. Some things never change." She replied, giving Kim an arch look. Kim shook her head.

"No, in fact, he decided to drop in uninvited yesterday and my neighbor had to shoo him out. I never pegged Drew for the crazy type, but I guess it just goes to show you." Kim said, Linda setting the cigarettes down and leaning in.

"Are you alright, Kim?" All the teasing in her voice was gone now, genuine concern replacing it. Kim nodded, in a way glad to talk about it. While she didn't expect he'd come sniffing around again anytime soon, this was the sort of thing it was probably better to fill a few people in on, in case he decided to show up at work.

"I'm fine. Mr. Hanniger next door saw him off, and put in an extra lock on my door for me. I'd say it was just Drew being dramatic Drew, but honestly I never thought he had that in him."

"What exactly did he do, Kim, that you needed your neighbor to scare him off and put in more locks? Come on, tell me. I will go straight over to that asshole's house after work and I will flatten every tire on his car and when he comes out -" Kim shook her head again, knowing exactly where this was going.

"He was just upset that I wouldn't return his calls and didn't want to see him anymore. Showed up, argued, and wouldn't leave when I

asked him too. Oh, he ripped the cord to my phone out of the wall too, but Mr. Hanniger fixed that as well. Really, the more I think about it he was just throwing a tantrum like a spoiled child. Which is what he always was, anyway."

"Wow." Linda sat back, digesting all this new information. "I knew he was a weasely, indecisive prick who like having his cake while eating it too, but what a psycho. You'd better be careful, Kim."

"I am being careful. I just wanted to let you know what was going on in case he came by or something. Call security. I just don't feel like dealing with another one of his hissy fits." Linda nodded, curling her lip.

"That jackass will be lucky IF I call security and don't come over the counter at him instead." She replied, reaching for her nail file and starting in on her pinky finger almost aggressively. "Anyway, you'd better get back there to Mr. Mikey. We've already had enough excitement here for one night without Loomis showing up and throwing a hissy fit of his own. I guess you didn't hear the news, did you?"

Now it was Kim's turn to lean in, wondering exactly what had happened in the time she'd been gone. Had someone found the evidence of their romp in the shower room the night before? Linda looked both ways, before speaking in a voice much quieter than was characteristic for her.

"Keats is gone. All that drinking on the job finally caught up with her. She is no longer head nurse of this fine establishment."

Wow. Kim couldn't see she was exactly surprised, it was something that she'd known was coming for a while now, but the news was still a bit shocking. Linda nodded, continuing.

"They won't be able to get a replacement in here until tomorrow morning at the very soonest. Housekeeping found all the booze she had stashed up in her office, and all her empties. Quite the scene earlier, you missed it. I think most of it's blown over, but in any case if I were you I'd go on and get out of the hall in case anyone else from Administration decides to come prowling around tonight."

Kim nodded, the news still sinking in as she made her way down the hall to Michael's room. Well, she wouldn't have to worry about running into Keats at least. As sorry for her as Kim felt, she'd really brought it on herself. While her position was not one Kim envied, the woman had let the stress get to her and snapped.

She entered Michael's room, and was a bit surprised to find it unattended. Well, having a skeleton crew and a newly fired boss tended to shake things up like that. She was even more surprised to find Michael already sitting up in bed. He'd definitely learned about when she was going to show up for her shift and also that the staff outside of the assigned nurses rarely looked in on him. He stared at her, watching as she set her purse down before coming towards him and kissing him softly, right on the mouth. He didn't kiss back, as expected, but she liked doing that to him.

Sitting down next to him and laying her head on his shoulder, she

said, "I hope you had a nice day. I want to thank you for last night. I certainly missed being with you after my shift was over."

He silently looked down at her, staring at the top of her head as she continued to rest against his arm, tilting his head slightly. He slowly moved the hand of the arm she wasn't leaning against towards her face, lightly brushing her cheek.

He continued staring at her, tilting his head slightly one way and then the other way. She was quite used to his silence and minimal reaction to her words now. She didn't think she could ever want it any other way with him. That's what set him apart from other guys. From guys like Drew. That's what made him better than other guys. Where they might have something negative to say in response to her words, Michael simply listened. Simply absorbed all that she had to say and then helped her to forget all of her worries.

After a while of just laying her head against his hand, she turned her head slightly to put her mouth on his fingers, kissing and nipping at them lightly, wanting to soon put her mouth on other parts of him.

"I am really going to miss you when you go. It seems so unfair." Kim whispered, still kissing at his fingers gently, aching for him. They had such little time left. Maybe it would be possible to put in her notice here, and go to work at the facility he'd be transferred to. She'd likely have to move, and start all over, but the idea seemed more appealing than ever. She'd say good by to her old life, and move on. Whatever happened though, she definitely wanted to savor every last second of his time here with her.

14. October 29th, 1978 - Sunday: Part II

Again he brushed her cheek, causing her to flush with want for him. All of those emotions within her were stirring, and spurred on by a combination of passion and regret she straddled him, cupping his jaw with both hands and kissing him gently.

"You have no idea what you do to me," She whispered, rocking gently against him.

He stared up at her as continued cupping his jaw. She could feel his cock already hardening for her as he rocked back against her. Slowly, his hands moved to begin unbuttoning her uniform. She let his hands rub down her sides, sliding underneath the fabric of her partially removed uniform to her panties, a hand sliding into them, a finger quickly finding her clit and rubbing hard at it.

Kim couldn't help moaning as he touched her there. She wanted him to make her moan. She would let him make her moan any way he wanted to, whether it was with those magical hands of his or with his fat cock stretching her pussy or asshole. She rocked hard against his fingers, her own hands reaching down and underneath his gown, wrapping both hands around that hot, throbbing cock and jerking hard on it.

"Do you like that? I love feeling this big cock of yours, whether it's in my hands, in my pussy, in my ass, anywhere. It feels so good. I want it." She purred, stroking his meat a little faster, thrilling at how it became harder in her hand, firmer, more ready for action.

He rocked up into her hand, encouraging her to tug her panties off for him, wanting him right this minute.

His hands went to her waist, and lifting her up, he pressed against her already wet entrance. Kim groaned softly as he slid into her, and began to gently thrust into her, slowly, but firmly. She loved how she could feel every inch of him working her hot slit, and then he moved his free hand to her clit and began to rub as he had earlier.

She moaned again as she sank down onto his cock, the whole thing quickly disappearing into her still sensitive pussy. She rocked down hard against him as he rubbed her clit fast and hard. He rock back in return, grinding that big dick deep in her pussy. She tightened her pussy around his cock briefly, able to feel that fat head tucked within her.

Leaning in, she nibbled softly at his ear before whispering, "Can you cum for me as much as I you did last night? I bet you can. I want you to fill me with your cum again."

She ground down even harder on his cock, already close to cumming as he rubbed at her clit even faster. With only a little more rocking on his part, he had her pussy going into spasms on that hot, hard cock, creaming it with her juices, moaning hard into his neck as she did.

As she rode out her orgasm his hand crept up from her waist, slowly sliding higher. She could feel it brushing her breast softly, and continuing to rise, moaning softly as she mouthed at the tips of his fingers.

"I love you," Kim whispered, the words slipping off her tongue before she could help herself. His hand twitched almost imperceptibly before hooking around her throat suddenly, squeezing tightly. Kim's eyes went wide, thrashing on top of him, his cock still lodged within her just as hard as ever. He shifted then, lifting her up and slamming her backwards onto the bed, hand still clenched tightly.

She scrambled at his hand, fruitlessly. His grip was ungodly strong, not budging in the slightest as she clawed at it. Kim wheezed, thrashing as he straddled her now, not letting up on her throat at all. If anything he seemed to grip her even tighter, cutting off her air.

Now she couldn't scream even if she dared to do so. Kim's eyes bulged, still clawing at his hand frantically, her vision already starting to go fuzzy around the edges. Remarkably she could still feel his cock hard inside her, throbbing, pulsing hot.

He began to move inside of her again, releasing her throat just enough so that she could breathe again. She struggled underneath him, trying to push him off. He responded by grabbing her throat again and rocking as hard as he could against her pussy. She felt extremely lightheaded and the sensation was helping send her into another orgasm, somehow stronger than her first with him that evening.

She could feel his cock pulsing within her, pulsing harder with each rough thrust. He released her throat again before grabbed tighter. She felt him start to cum inside of her as he choked her, filling her

with that cum of his. That cum she'd once craved, now she felt repulsed by it. He'd completely betrayed her trust. How could she be so fucking foolish?

He let go of her throat again, but kept rocking fast and hard against her, drilling his cock as deep as he could inside of her pussy.

"Michael, stop... ," she gasped. "Please stop..."

Michael didn't stop. He only choked her again, his fingers flexing against her neck as her body shook underneath him. She was close to cumming a third time. She didn't want to, trying to scream or even just squeal as her juices again flooded over his fat cock.

Kim couldn't believe she'd been deceived by him. By someone who'd been locked away and on Thorazine for most of their life. How could he have possibly managed to trick her? All she was supposed to do was sit there and make sure he stayed doped up. Instead, she took his cock out and played with it and decided to give him a nice final week in Smith's Grove before his trial. He deserved to go away. He deserved death, the bastard.

As he squeezed ever tighter at her throat, she fully expected to pass out. The pounding of his cock in her sore pussy was becoming duller by the second. Would he continue to fuck her, to rape her when she passed out? At that point, it wouldn't have surprised her.

He didn't even give her that relief though. Somehow, he was able to tell when she was about to pass out and released his grip, letting her breathe again, for a moment. When she was able to breathe again, she was able to feel his cock pulsing once more. He was going to cum again. She tried to struggle again, but she was weaker from the oxygen deprivation.

He squeezed possibly as hard as he could as her throat, arching his back as he shot a second load into her, his cock letting off a strong spasm with each spurt of his seed. And she'd begged him to cum as much as he could for her? All she wanted at that point was for him to stop and let her go.

With his release, he eased his hold on her throat as well and Kim saw her opportunity to escape. She flailed at him, slapping and squirming beneath him, hissing at him to let her go, that she had to get up right now before someone came. All true things, but for once Kim didn't fear discovery as much as she feared him. As her oxygen-starved brain began to recover, she realized just how close she'd been to death. She had to get out from under him, and away, now.

Still squirming, she took advantage of her newly found strength to bring her knee up, striking him in the hip, hard. At the same time she twisted, and whether it was from the shock of her strike, or he was just done toying with her, he shifted his weight to the side just enough for her to scramble out from beneath him.

As soon as her feet touched the ground, she had her back to the farthest wall from him, struggling to straighten her uniform, not even caring about how her cheeks were flushed, her hair was a mess, and that his seed was still dripping down her thigh. Her cap was

gone, likely somewhere in the tangle of soiled sheets, but she wouldn't dare get that close to retrieve it. Her panties lay a few feet to the left of the footboard though, in plain sight.

Keeping her eye fixed on him, she crept over, not wanting to come close enough for him to grab again, although he showed no interest in her now. Kim stuck her foot out, inching closer to the panties, and dragging them across the tile close enough for her to reach down and grab, never taking her eye off of him all the while.

With trembling hands, she stepped into them, and drew them up her aching legs, trying to figure out her next move. There was no way she was going to spend another night in here with him, not after what he'd just done. She didn't even care anymore about someone finding out, or her job, or anything else right now. All she wanted was to be out of this room, and away from him. If he were truly interested in keeping his charade up he'd clean up the rest anyway. Kim didn't care anymore.

Without a single word to him, she grabbed her purse and left, letting the door swing shut behind her. She made her way up the hall quickly, not even pausing at the front desk where Linda sat filing her nails.

"Gotta go home, now. Sick." Kim croaked out as she passed, not giving her a chance to ask any questions. What could she say, anyway? There wasn't anything that she could possibly say that would explain what had happened back there anyway. If she lost her job over it, oh well. At least she had her life.

She made her way out to her car, and made the drive home, numb. Now that she had put some distance between herself and Smith's Grove she wondered just how badly the repercussions would be for her. She would be fired, at the very least, if not blackballed from every hospital in the state. She might still have her life, but it was likely ruined.

When she let herself into her apartment the phone was ringing off the hook, predictably.

Kim stared for a moment, unable to decide if she wanted to answer or not. Finally she figured that she'd be in equally deep shit whether she answered now or later, so she picked up.

"Kim? Are you okay? You took off so quickly, and you looked like shit." Linda's voice over the line sounded worried, not angry. Kim took a deep breath, wondering if maybe her hunch about Michael picking up after himself might not have been too far off.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm sorry Linda. It hit me out of nowhere, I had to leave." Kim replied. All technically true words, although she'd never tell Linda or anyone what had happened back there.

"Don't worry about it. It happens, I guess that crud going around finally caught up with you. Don't worry, I already checked on Mikey, and he's fine."

Of course he was.

"Anyway, I can take care of him tonight, it's no big deal. If you

need to stay home tomorrow too don't worry about it. I need to make up all those hours I lost. I'll take care of it."

"Thanks Linda." She whispered, before hanging up the phone and dropping into her bed. Too emotionally exhausted to take off her clothes or shower, Kim fell into a deep sleep, and despite her earlier escape she found herself back there with him, in her dreams.

15. October 31st, 1978 - Tuesday

The incessant ringing of her phone pierced through the fog of sleep, and Kim rolled over, fumbling for the receiver as another wave of nausea rolled over her. The irony of it all wasn't lost on her as she thought back to her last night at work and how she'd blamed her hasty retreat on the bug that had been circulating through the facility. Just her luck she'd actually wind up with it.

"Hello?" She answered, her voice rough with sleep. She could hear rain steadily pattering down outside, and the distant roar of thunder in the distance. For a long moment no one spoke, and she was just about to hang up when she heard a familiar voice.

"Kim! Oh god..." Kim sat up a little, surprised to hear Linda's breathless voice crackling across the phone line. "Kim, he's gone! He's gone and he's trashed the room, the other patients were out on the lawn, and oh god, oh god it's all my fault!"

Kim's tongue felt like lead as Linda continued recounting the events of the night, sounding more and more frantic with every second.

"I stepped out for a smoke, and when I came back, the patients were all out of their rooms, and I knew I should go check on him then, but they needed my help. And then... oh god, Kim, the room!"

"Wh-what are you saying? Michael's gone?" Kim finally managed to stammer, only for Linda to cut her off, crying now.

"It's all my fault! I figured he'd be fine for ten fucking minutes. He was asleep for Christ's sake, how was I supposed to know this would happen? I thought I had just enough time to buy a soda and grab a smoke before it was time for his meds!"

"Linda, calm down, stop crying. Did they find him? What happened?" Kim said, fear pooling in the pit of her stomach. She should have said something, should have warned them all. Instead she'd been a coward, too afraid to face the music for her actions, and he must have known that. Who was she kidding, of course he'd known it, she'd played right into his hands.

"No... No. He took the facility transport, the one outside, waiting. He's gone, he's fucking gone. Jesus, it's all my fucking fault." Linda sobbed, Kim's head starting to pound. Had he known she wasn't working tonight? Was his attack just a way to ensure that she would not be present when he finally decided to spring his escape plan? Just when she thought she had him all figured out, he still managed to surprise her.

"It's not your fault, Linda." She managed, the words feeling like

stones in her mouth. Linda continued to sob, as Kim continued to ponder the ramifications of the situation.

"No, no it is. I shouldn't have left him alone, I shouldn't have been so complacent. I resigned, signed papers that said I wouldn't tell anyone what happened. They said the media would be all over this if it got out. Oh god..."

Kim said nothing in return as Linda continued to sob. For a few moments, that was the only indication that anyone was on the line at all. Kim barely even heard the sobbing as she went over everything in her head. All those nights with him. She'd been so vulnerable after everything with Drew and Michael had known exactly how to use that to his advantage. There was no way it could all just be a coincidence. He'd made her feel like he loved her, made her feel a way Drew nor any other guy ever managed to make her feel, and then he'd turned on her and frightened her away.

She felt sicker to her stomach than her illness was already making her feel. She'd let him fuck her. He'd cum inside of her several times. And all it was really for him was passing the time until he had the perfect opportunity to escape, and a silent accomplice. Because that's what she really was, right? An accomplice.

Linda finally broke the almost silence with, "I don't know what's going to happen now... but Dr. Loomis... I've never seen anyone get so angry before. I'm pretty sure Bernardi's going to resign too." More sobbing and on Kim's end, more silence. "Dr. Wynn had to come back in too. He was calmer than Loomis at least."

Kim was barely listening at that point. Dr. Loomis nor Dr. Wynn mattered to her anymore. What mattered was her responsibility, her role in essentially helping Michael escape. She might not be forced to resign since she wasn't even there, but she really didn't think she had it in her to ever return. How could she?

All she would be able to think of is Michael and fucking him to help herself forget about Drew. She managed to go from one bad situation to an even worse one. Her job had been so simple too. Sit in Michael's room and give him Thorazine at the scheduled times. Outside of those few minutes of work, she could have just chatted with Linda and read a book.

It took everything she had to not start throwing up while on the phone with Linda. But as soon as Linda, still sobbing, said she had to go, she ran into the bathroom and vomited into the toilet for not the first time that day. Throwing up was never fun, but somehow, thinking about Michael and his hot cum made it even worse this time.

After cleaning herself up with a washcloth, she went to lay back down in bed. She couldn't sleep though. She wasn't sure she ever would again, knowing she had directly helped Michael escape. How did someone ever get over something like that?

She couldn't help wondering what Michael was doing exactly at that moment. Hiding out in a ditch along the side of a road? Linda said he stole the facility transport, but how could he know what to do behind the wheel? She couldn't imagine him getting very far like that at all. Maybe the police had even already recaptured him. After all,

Linda also said that they didn't want the media to find out, so it wasn't as if Linda would likely find out quickly herself if he was recaptured.

Feeling a little better that evening, at least physically, Kim decided to turn on the TV, wondering if there were any news reports about Michael yet. There were news reports alright, but none about him being recaptured. Quite the opposite actually. Three teens found murdered in a house in Haddonfield, Illinois that evening and the killer was still on the loose. The suspect, apparently confirmed by his doctor: Michael Myers.

Kim sat on her sofa, mouth hanging open, feeling beyond stunned. When she was first assigned to watch him, she was fully aware of his past. He murdered his sister when he was just six years old. She would have never imagined though that he would go right back to what landed him in Smith's Grove in the first place, that he would make a beeline back to his hometown.

If they ever managed to somehow connect her to his escape, if they figured out that she'd failed to follow the procedure laid out for her, she had no doubt that she would be going to prison for a very long time, if not an asylum. After all, it would be pretty hard to explain her reasoning for fucking a murderer. For fucking him multiple times.

Even if they did find out, even if she did face a trial and likely the next 30 years of her life rotting in prison, Kim didn't think it would hold a candle to the guilt she felt creeping in for the deaths of those three teens. It was all her fault. Their blood was on her hands, and there was no telling how many more he would kill before they managed to capture him.

There was nothing she could do but continue to watch the news reports, staring down at her small hands and pondering just how much blood they could possibly hold before spilling over.

16. Epilogue

I think of a lot of things this time of year. I can't help it, really. When the leaves start to turn, and the people in town start to decorate their yards, and the children are fairly buzzing in anticipation of pillowcases stuffed with sweets, I always think back to that night years ago.

What my complacency released on the world.

I resigned, and true to their word not a mark was left on my record. I was able to find another job easily enough, after all I was experienced, and there is always such a shortage of reliable nursing staff.

And I was so much wiser now.

I still think about Kim sometimes. I can't really help that, either. That tends to come later in the year though, after the leaves have all dropped, and the nights grow cold, and the first snow falls. Somewhere between pumpkin pie and turkey, and Christmas lights and carolers, I always find myself thinking of her.

She never did go back to work, as far as I know, whether at Smith's Grove, or anywhere else. I had a bad time after that night, but in the weeks after as I began to slowly put myself back together and get out again, I spoke to her.

It always kills me when I think of how she always insisted it wasn't my fault. I'll never forget that.

I asked her how it wasn't my fault. I was the one watching him that night. I was the one who made the mistake of leaving him unattended. Who else could be responsible? She never would elaborate. I gave up with asking after a while. It seemed to only upset her the longer we stayed on that subject.

When she quit answering the phone whenever I called, I wasn't so surprised by that, nor was I mad. She was never the same and seemed to only want to distance herself as far as possible from anything related to Smith's Grove, me included.

I was surprised by the news I received a couple weeks after we last spoke, though in retrospect, maybe I should have been even less surprised. Apparently on Christmas Day, her landlord found her dead in the apartment from a gunshot to the head. Her body had only been there for a day at most. Merry Christmas, huh?

I always suspected that it was suicide from the start. My conversations with her up to that point already had me a little worried about her well-being. The police didn't see it that way, especially after the landlord apparently told them about her ex causing problems for her at the apartment.

I don't know what ever became of Drew after. I do know that for a long time, the police investigated him heavily, especially after they discovered that she was pregnant at the time of her death. Guy gets mad that his girlfriend is pregnant because he doesn't want to deal with having children and kills the girlfriend. It's happened plenty of times. He lost his job after it was revealed to the public that she was pregnant.

When they finally decided that it probably was a suicide and that the pistol found in her hand likely wasn't planted, Drew disappeared. I've always suspected that he quietly got away from here to start his life over. I never liked him and his attitude, but I certainly don't blame him for that.

There wasn't a funeral, so I couldn't attend. Between the death of their daughter, the 'murder' investigation and the pregnancy they couldn't handle any more noise in their lives. They opted for a cremation as soon as her body was released, and did without a memorial service. Again, I can't really blame them in light of everything that happened, but it would have been nice to pay my final respects.

Over the years, I've wondered just what it all meant. Particularly her saying it wasn't my fault and the pregnancy. I've wondered how it connected. If it connected. All these years later and I've still not figured it out. Probably just coincidences in a dark time of both of our lives. You don't just forget coincidences like that though. They stick with you, haunting you until the day you die.

There is one more memory I have of Kim, though. Before she stopped taking my calls, I went over there one night to bring her some pie, and she didn't answer the door. I would have just left the wrapped plate by her door and gone on, but the door was cracked, and even though she didn't have any lights on I could make out the flickering of her TV set. I called her name, and opened the door, kind of worried about her. There had been all that trouble with Drew after all, and she really hadn't been herself ever since that night back in October.

She was sitting on the couch, but she wasn't even looking at the TV. She was just staring out into space. It was like she didn't even register that I was there. I called her again, and she finally looked over, snapping out of it like nothing had ever happened. She took the pie, we talked a while, and she said she was going to bed so I left.

I often wonder why that memory sticks out so much, when there are so many more meaningful ones. I don't really have an answer for that, except that flat, dead look in her eyes at that moment reminded me of something I'd seen before.

End
file.